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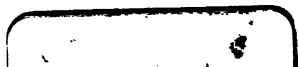
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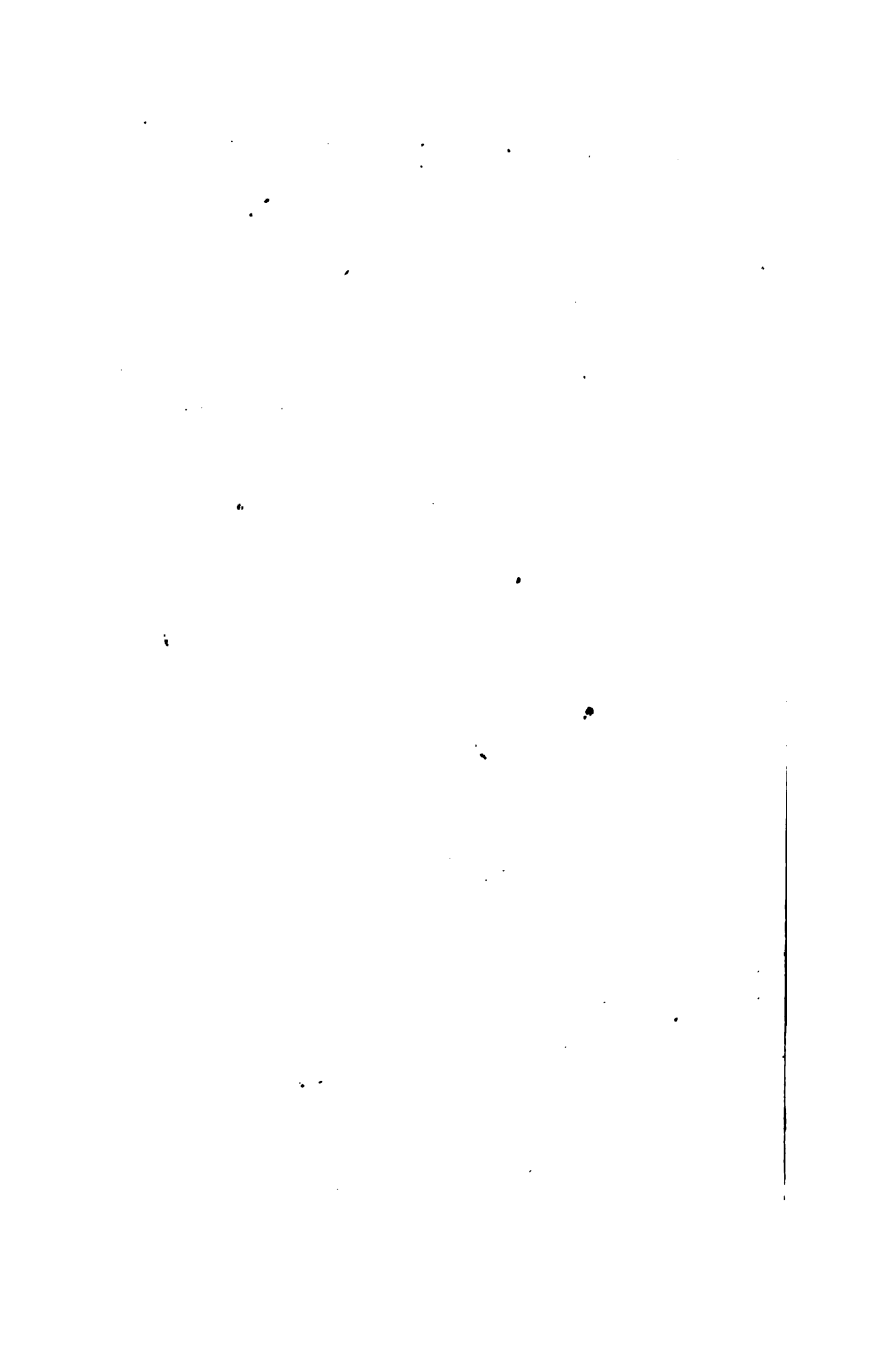
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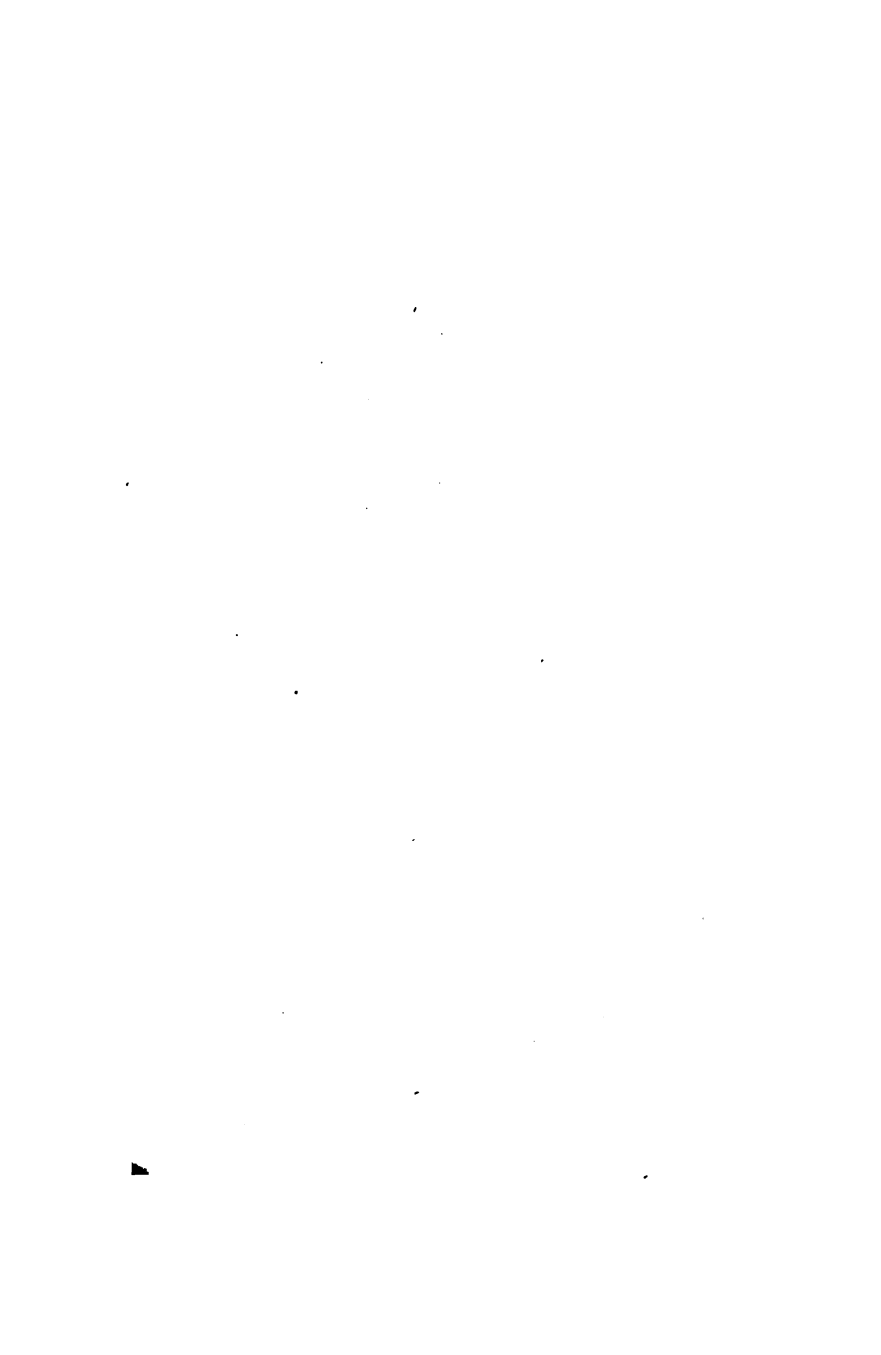
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ELLA CUTHULLIN

INSCRIBED TO

J. R.

INTRODUCTION.

DEAR FRIEND, when thou and I, long years ago,
Parted at Oban, *thou* to the dull town
Wast forced to wend, to mingle with the noise
And ceaseless surging of the sea of life ;
But *I*, by happier fate, went wand'ring on,
Week after week, beside the lonely sea,
O'er hills beset with still tarns mirroring
The silver moon and her attendant stars,
And o'er lone mountains, with white, fleecy clouds
Shrouding their naked sides with snowy veil.
And then I pass'd the sea, from out of which
Mull "lifts its shelving beach and sea-weed rocks,
A bulwark to the wild waves ;" in that isle,
Where a green valley leads down to the strand,
I found a mansion, ruin'd, desolate.
Amidst those ruins oftentimes I walk'd,
Wondering whose old possession they had been,

And whose the moulder'd scutcheon o'er the gate
And who the maiden, that had tended once
The tangled arbours which the now wild rose
Embraced with arms flung loose upon the gale.
Thus wander'd I and wonder'd—sad at heart,
As he must be who sees the works of man,
And all the careful labour of his hands,
Trode underfoot by time—until one day
An old man met me; reverend was his head
With snowy locks, the hoary crown of age:
Him I address'd, and drew from him the tale
Of many a lord who ruled the mansion once,
And whom he'd served, a servant and a friend—
The old Cuthullins;—and before we parted,
This ancient placed within my hands a book,
Whose faded leaves contain'd a history,
Fill'd, like a mingled web, with varying shades
Of joy and sorrow: this to thee, dear friend,
I now present, for unto thee my heart
Is ever turning, and most sweet to me
It is to call to mind the happy days
We spent together, years, long years ago.

ELLA CUTHULLIN.

I.

FROM out the Western waves the Isle of Mull
Lifts its low beach and line of sea-weed rocks,
A bulwark to the wild waves, and therein,
A star which lighted up that misty isle,
A rose which blossom'd on its barren cliffs,
Ella Cuthullin lived, last of her line.
Oh ! she was kind, and maidenly, and fair,
And all who knew her loved her ; noble youths,
From all the isles that stud the Western sea,
Had sought her hand in marriage, but in vain :
All loved her well who knew her, but the poor
Valued and loved her most, for unto them
She gave not only alms but gentle looks,
And kindly words of sympathising love :—
Such was sweet Ella, and, when she appear'd,
The old look'd up with mingled smiles and tears,

And children left their play to flock around
And greet with joyful looks their gentle friend,—
Such was sweet Ella ; last of all the line
Of ancient chiefs who ruled the Isle of Mull :
For, though her father lived, yet four score years
Had dimm'd his eyes, and crown'd his head with snow.

II.

Loud roar'd the wild winds round the Isle of Mull,
Bearing huge surges to the rock-bound shore—
Nor surges only, for upon their crests
Toss'd a poor hull, whose shatter'd masts and spars
Told of approaching shipwreck : on the shore
Hundreds assembled, and a cry of fear
Burst from the crowd when, 'mid the surf and spray,
A human form appear'd upon the deck.
Folded his arms, and motionless he stood,
Amidst the strife of waters, instant death
Expecting, for no help could him avail.
Onward he came ; and when the eager crowd
Could mark his noble bearing, silence deep
Held sway amongst them ; no one dared to speak,
Or move, or breathe ;—grander than all the crash
Of sounding surges, and of rushing winds,
Was the calm heroism which possess'd
Him whom the waves were bearing to his doom.



Onward he came ; seen now, and now unseen
Amidst the blinding spray and driving mist ;—
Onward he came, nor loosed his folded arms,
Till a more towering surge roll'd heaving in,
With crest projecting, and embraced the ship,
And bore it down amongst the jagged rocks.
A moment more, the shore was strewn with planks,
And shiver'd spars, and chests of merchandise :
Rich fruits matured beneath a Southern sun,
Rich garments trick'd with gold, which dusky hands
Had wrought in spice groves, like the paltry kelp,
Were flung upon the shore ; nor reck'd the crowd
To gather such as these ; each anxious eye
Gazed 'mid the strife of elements for him
Who seem'd the only tenant of the ship ;
Yet, when they found him not, then, one by one,
The people 'gan to ply their busy hands,
And gather plunder from the broken wreck.

III.

Ella alone search'd on ; and up and down
The shore she wander'd, hoping against hope
That the brave stranger, who upon the ship
Had shown such daring, might be still alive—
Cast by the sea, perchance, upon the beach,
Or battling for his life amidst the waves.

Thus Ella wander'd on beside the sea,
Until, at length, she pass'd a ridge of rocks,
Which, jutting from the cliffs into the waves,
Form'd a deep cavern shelter'd from the winds.
This cave sweet Ella enter'd ; on the sand
Which strew'd its floor a noble form was laid,
Silent and still, enwrapp'd in tartan plaid,
A bonnet on the brow, with eagle plume
Telling of chiefly rank ; and long, dark curls,
Wet with the salt sea foam, flow'd down the back.
Flutter'd the heart of Ella as she bent
Over the prostrate figure ; but her hands,
White as the foam which lay upon the strand,
Loosen'd the clasps from off his manly neck,
And chafed his hands, the while a maiden blush,
Red as red rose-leaves blown on summer gales,
Mantled upon her neck and lovely cheeks.

IV.

What contrast then was holden to the view !
Without, the boiling sea, the raging blast,
The rock-bound coast all dim with driven foam,
The line of beach strewn with the riven wreck ;
Within, a solemn calm, a rock-roof'd cave,
All strewn with silver sand, sea-wrack, and shells,
A noble form low-lying on the ground,



And o'er it bending, with uplifted eyes,
The form of Ella—all her golden hair
Dishevell'd—she herself as calm as he,
And motionless, save her white bosom heaved,
And her lips moved in prayer unto her God.

V.

Deep prayers are ever strong ; but when they flow
From such pure hearts as Ella's, stronger still ;
And so, when she had pray'd, the answer came
Ere she had closed her lips ; for, while she still
Was gazing up to Heaven, he for whom
Her prayers were raised did slowly ope his eyes ;
And, when fair Ella did again look down,
His eyes met hers ; returning unto life,
He almost thought it was an angel-form
That bent above him, for so fair a face
Had never met his gaze—what though he oft
Had gazed with rapture on the dark-eyed girls
Of Greece, and Italy, and sunny Spain.

VI.

Long in her father's tower did Ella's charge
Hover 'twixt death and life ; and many prayers
Did Ella raise for him, who grew and grew
Most dear and precious to her heart of hearts,

Though she scarce knew it—only a new joy
Now made her happy life more happy still.
Thus pass'd the autumn; and at length the bloom
Of health, restored, lit up the stranger's face,
And fire re-kindled in his piercing eyes.

VII.

Learn now the name of him whom the sea-surge
Had cast upon the wave-worn coast of Mull,
Returning to his home-hearth from the South—
Ivan Mac Ivan he, Lord of Canmuir,
Chief of Dundallon, Head of all the clans
Who round Corbreckan dwelt, and Argan Loch.

VIII.

Oh, happy days were those that now ensued !
Though wintry winds swept round the Isle of Mull,
Warm hearts had they within Cuthullin's tower ;
Though a dim sun shone darkly day by day,
Yet Ella was a light to Ivan ; he,
In turn, to Ella made the darkness bright.—
Alas, poor Ella ! little dost thou dream
That far from hence, beside the azure Bay
Of queenly Naples, on her bended knees
A girl is praying—praying that she be
Not ever left forsaken, desolate.

Alas, poor Ella ! little dost thou dream
That he who sitteth, whispering words of love,
Hath been and is another's ; and that she
Who calls him "husband" hath a broken heart !

IX.

Oh, happy days were those which now ensued !
A new life dawn'd on Ella, for she heard
From Ivan of the glories of the South—
Lands she had dream'd of in her earliest youth :
For he would tell her of imperial Rome,
Of Venice floating in the sea-green waves,
Of Naples' azure Bay and fiery Mount,
Palermo seated in a Shell of Gold,
Granada with a crown of Moorish towers,
And lofty Athens, for in all of these
Ivan had dwelt ; and while the wintry winds
Moan'd round her Northern home, rapt Ella heard
The rich, soft language of Italia's land ;
And Ivan's eyes would kindle, and breast heave,
When he recited, with his full, rich voice,
Tasso's sweet stanzas, Ariosto's lays,
And Dante's all-mysterious prophecy :
Ivan would sing, too, and the songs of Spain
And Greece and Italy would echo round
The Gothic turrets of Cuthullin's tower.

Also on Ivan did a new life dawn,
For Ella would recount old Keltic lays
And Scandinavian legends, which to him
Were yet a book unseal'd, so long had he
Been absent from the North ; for, when a boy,
He, with his sire, had left bleak Scotia's shores
To seek a home with Scotia's rightful king,
Who, driven from his kingdom, found at length
A resting-place within an exile's grave.
Ella would sing, too, and would sweep the strings
Of harp and lute to those old mystic songs
Which have been handed down amongst the Isles
Of Western Scotland from the scalds of old.

x.

Thus pass'd the winter ; and when early spring
Dawn'd on the rocks that gird the Isle of Mull,
Ivan press'd Ella to return with him
Unto his Highland home, Dundallon Tower.
Ella consented ; for her virgin love
Was full and deep, and Ivan was to her
The star of her existence ; so the priest
(For there the old religion held its sway)
Joinèd their hands, and bless'd them in the Name
Of God All-pure ; and with her people's tears,
And father's blessing, Ella left her home.



XL

Two years pass'd o'er;—as yet no little one
Was given to the hopes of Ivan's bride—
A grievous trial to the gentle heart
Of Ella, yet she flagg'd not in her love
To Ivan, but she tried to fill the space
She hoped her offspring might have fill'd. In vain
With deep, deep love she strove and strove to stem
The tide of sadness which she saw o'erspread
Her husband's soul; in vain, for by degrees
He moodier grew, and would withdraw himself
For weeks and months, leaving his youthful bride
To mourn his absence; yet her tender heart
Ne'er blamed her Ivan—still he was to her
The star of her existence; as he was
Before she left her home, so was he still,
In her affections, in her heart of hearts.

XII.

Another year pass'd o'er;—Ella alone
Sat watching in Dundallon's castle-hall,
Sadder than heretofore, yet clinging still
Unto the recollection of past times,
And to the future undefined; for still
She loved her Ivan, nor did she attach
Blame unto him, who widow'd all her life

With absences. "O God," one eve, she cried,
"Would that I had a child, a little one,
Who in my Ivan's absence might recall
Joy to my heart, and life unto my life!"

XIII.

Deep prayers are ever strong; but when they flow
From hearts as pure as Ella's, stronger still;
So now, when she had pray'd, the answer came
Ere she had closed her lips, for, on the breeze
That moan'd around Dundallon's castle-crag,
A cry was borne—a cry so full of grief,
That Ella started from her seat, and ran
Into the chill night-air; where, on the stones,
A young child lay, swathed round in linen bands.
The child, as Ella raised it, stopt its cries,
And smiled into her face; its little arms
Projecting towards her: Ella's heart beat high
With joy and pity; joy, that such a child
Was given to her, as by God Himself;
With pity, that so young and frail a thing
Should lack a mother full of love and care:
Then she knelt down, and vow'd that she would be
A loving mother to the new-found babe:
And, lulling it within her slender arms,
She laid it down to sleep upon her breast.

XIV.

Months came and went, nor brought her Ivan back ;
 Yet Ella's heart was light, and joy again
 Beam'd in her eyes, for the sweet new-found babe
 Repaid her fond affection with its love.
 Day after day she taught the child to lisp,
 "*Father,*" that when her husband should return,
 His heart, like hers, might joy ; and to the child,
 By Holy Church enroll'd a Child of God,
 She gave the name of Geraldine, because
 It had been borne by her who Ivan bore,
 And, bringing forth, departed to her rest.

XV.

The little Geraldine was playing, when
 Ivan return'd one eve ; and seeing him,
 The child ran forward, and, with outstretch'd arms,
 Cried, "*Father, father !*" but he turn'd away,
 Nor spake a kindly word ; beholding which,
 Sweet Ella felt her inmost heart grow cold.
 Yet still she loved her Ivan, clinging fast
 Unto the recollection of past days,
 When she was unto him, as he to her,
 In his affection, and his heart of hearts.



XVI.

Fifteen more years roll'd by, and Ella still
Dwelt at Dundallon, lovely as of old,
Gentle, and kind ; yet grief had been her lot.
Gone was her aged father, with the snow
Of near a hundred winters on his head.
Seldom in all those years had Ella seen
Her husband, yet she loved him fondly still.
But, when these fifteen years had slipp'd away,
Ivan return'd ; but on his beetling brow
Sat discontent, nor would he e'er respond
Unto the love which Ella bore to him ;
Rudely he would repel her, but he grew
More tender in his way to Geraldine.

XVII.

One night the three sat by the crackling blaze—
Geraldine, Ella, Ivan ; suddenly
Ivan look'd up and spoke to Geraldine,
Saying, "Child, come and kiss me," and the girl
Went meekly up and kiss'd her father's cheek.
Ella, beholding, felt a thrill of joy
Pervade her, for she ne'er had known before
Her husband to caress young Geraldine ;
But when she mark'd his look, a pang of grief

And horror pass'd through all her tender frame.
She knew not all that Ivan's looks express'd,
And shrank from knowing, yet a dread of ills,
And sense of shame she dared not analyse,
Weigh'd her soul to the earth, and uttering
A fearful shriek, she sank down in a swoon.

XVIII.

Long Ella lay unconscious, longer still
Upon the bed of sickness ; Geraldine
Tending her always ; but when she approach'd,
A mingled look of fear and love would clothe
The faded features of her mother's face.
Ella was dying ; Ella, once so fair,
Always so good and gentle, she whom all
Knew but to love, both in her island-home
And round her husband's castle ; day by day
She hoped her Ivan would approach, but when
He came not, there arose a fearful strife
In her soft heart, whether young Geraldine
Should learn how that she had been nurtured up
By strangers, and that no strong tie of blood
Bound her to Ivan, or to that frail form
That lay a-dying with a broken heart.
"Better," at length thought Ella, "that the girl
Think me her mother till I am call'd hence ;

Too soon, alas ! will she be made aware
How stands it with her ;" thinking thus, she call'd
For Geraldine, who came with eager haste ;
Then, placing in her hands a seal'd book,
She bade her not unloose the seal until
Some fearful crisis came, if come it did,
When she most needed help. Then, with a prayer
To God for Ivan and poor Geraldine,
Ella gave up her pure soul to her God.

XIX.

Sad wail'd the pibroch as Corbreckan's clan
Follow'd their much-loved lady to the grave ;
Sad was the wail of women, as the clan
Wound down Dundallon's castle-crag, to where
A moorland churchyard spread around the Church,
Whereby, beside an ancient Runic Cross,
Was dug the grave of Ella ; not an eye
In all that vast assembly but shed tears,
Save Ivan's ; he, in sable cloak array'd,
Glanced darkly round, yet heaved no deep-drawn sigh ;
Only he seem'd to wish the scene were o'er.
But he press'd closely to him the veil'd form
Of Geraldine, who, like a drooping vine,
Clung to the arm of him she deem'd her sire.
At length—earth unto earth, dust unto dust—



The clay-cold grave received fair Ella's corse,
Entrusted to its keeping till the Day
When it shall rise triumphant; and again
The pibroch's wailing notes broke on the ear.
Sad and in slow procession moved the clan
Back from the open grave, Ivan, the Chief,
Leading young Geraldine back to his home,
Himself alone unmoved of all the crowd.

xx.

Within Dundallon's Tower sat Geraldine
That evening, gazing into the red fire,
Thinking of her sweet mother; suddenly
Ivan came in, and, throwing himself down
Upon the tapestry in the ingle-nook,
Cried, "Geraldine, come here, my darling daughter;"
So she arose and sat her by her sire.
But soon he caught her in his arms, her brow,
White as the snow upon the wintry moor,
Covering with burning kisses: looking up,
Surprised, she murmur'd, "O, my father dear!
Would thou hadst acted thus with her who now
Lieth in death's cold sleep; who unto thee
Wast true and loving, even as unto me
She was a more than mother!" Hastily
Ivan her answer'd, "Listen, Geraldine,

And learn thy history : no child of mine
Or Ella's art thou, but a starveling babe,
Cast forth, a waif, upon the world, thou first
Cam'st to Dundallon, left by some low drab
Upon the ground at night-fall ; nurst thou wert,
Indeed, by that poor woman whom I call'd
In courtesy my wife, but still no tie
Of blood binds thee to me ; yet, Geraldine,
Believe me, a far stronger bond exists
Betwixt us than the tie of blood, a love
Deep and consuming burns me ; and if thou
Hast lost a father, he is well replaced
By such a husband as I fain would be
To thee, fair girl. Nay, weep not, only say
Thou dost approve the change thy destiny
Hath given—a burning lover for a father.

XXI.

So spake Dundallon's Chief ; but Geraldine
Answer'd him not : like a crush'd flower she lay,
Silent and trembling, with her white hands press'd
Over her blanch'd face ; but at length she rose,
And stood erect, her dark eyes flashing fire.
“Never,” she cried to Ivan, “will I yield
To thee, false-hearted wretch ; never will I
Wed him whom ‘Father’ I have called : alas !

That I have called thee 'Father.' O, my God!
 Would I had not been born, or if I were,
 That I had perish'd, ere mine eyes had seen
 Such wickedness as this! Would I were laid
 Beside my more than mother in the grave!
 O God! I thank Thee that she doth lie there,
 Safe from the power of such a wretch as this.
 Better for me to perish, than to wed
 A wretch whose stony heart no love can melt,
 A wretch who could desert so true a wife
 As she my mother was; who, on the day
 When the cold earth received her, could hold out
 Proffer of love unto a helpless girl,
 A castaway upon the face of earth."
 So spake fair Geraldine, and as she stood,
 With dark eyes flashing and dishevell'd hair,
 Pointing at him who had so outraged her,
 The Chief's face paled, and strength forsook his frame;
 Scathed did he seem, as by a lightning stroke,
 Yet, with an effort did he speak at last.

XXII.

"Sweet Geraldine, it little doth befitt
 Thy loveliness to act so harsh a part:
 Sooth, thou hast acted bravely, and I love
 To see the fire that quivers in thine eyes;

I, too, have fire in mine ; yet, condescend
Acting to lay aside, and, prithee, tell,
In sober seriousness, if thou wilt
Be mine, and I will deign to recommend
That thou dost choose the happiness design'd
By me for thee ; for I can, if I choose,
Make thee most happy, also, if I choose,
Most miserable, scornful Geraldine."

XXIII.

As the fell snake doth watch the gentle bird,
So Ivan Geraldine the while he spake ;
But she, when he had ended, for a time
Stood deep in thought, and then with swift resc
Rush'd to the door, and would have sprung awa
Like some poor bird loosed from her prison-cag
Had not false Ivan follow'd her, and reach'd
The portal ere her faltering limbs allow'd.
But when he tried to seize the trembling girl,
The door with sudden crash was open flung,
And through it pass'd a lady, tall and dark,
With eyes of flaming fire, yet on her face
A careworn look did rest, as if despair
For wrongs unnumber'd gnaw'd her inmost hear
Her seeing, Ivan started and grew pale,
And would have pass'd her through the open d

But she prevented him with queenly mien ;
And him addressing, the strange lady spake.

XXIV.

“Ivan Mac Ivan, Lord of all Canmuir,
Ivan, my *husband*, ay, for so thou art,
Wedded unto me by the priest of God,
'Tis well thy face doth pale, and that thy knees
Tremble beneath thee, and that thou dost cower
Before a woman : ay, I know my power,
My power to crush thee as a broken reed,
My power to melt even thy stony heart.
Ivan, thy looks speak hate ; and though thou may'st
Bear hate against me, as thou once didst love,
Yet wilt thou bless thee, if thy wicked tongue
Can utter aught but curses, that I came
To save thee from the blackest crime that earth
Or hell can boast of ! Look at that fair girl
Who droopeth yonder ; mark her raven hair
And flashing eyes, and then call to thy mind
A cot which hung amidst a bower of vines
Over the Bay of Naples, unto which
Thou usest to resort long years ago,
A burning lover, and then think of her,
Loving and trustful once as yon dear girl,
Whom thou didst swear to love, and then seduced ;

And call to mind how she did overbear
Thy proud and haughty spirit, even as now
I overbear thee, and how thou didst yield
To her the tardy justice that she claim'd
By wedding her within the holy Church :—
Ivan, recall that girl to mind, and look
On that poor outraged maiden lying there :
Dost thou not dare? O, craven-hearted man !
Say why thou canst not ! Ha ! I touch thee there
Thou knowest now, I think, in thy false soul
She is *my* child, and *thine*, O Ivan, *thine* !”

XXV.

So spake the lady, and sweet Geraldine,
Like hunted fawn that seeks the sheltering wood
Swift sprang into her arms ; embracing close,
The mother clasp'd her long-lost, new-found child
And she her mother : and though floods of joy
O'erwhelm'd the hearts of both, yet copious tear
Flow'd down from each over the other's neck :
And then, her mother urging, Geraldine
Retired to rest ; but first she loosed the bands
Of the closed book which Ella, ere she died,
Had given unto her, and therein she found
The story of her finding in the cold,
And of her nurture by the tender hands



Of her who, bound by no maternal bonds,
Had loved her with a more than mother's love.

XXVI.

Meanwhile, the stranger lady turn'd her eyes
On Ivan, who, the pride of manhood gone,
Cower'd before her, trembling at the thought
Of what he had escaped, as black a crime
As earth or hell could boast of; once or twice
He tried to speak, but could not, for his lips
Quiver'd with inward agony and dread.
At length he fell upon his bended knees,
And with uplifted hands gave thanks to God;
Then, kneeling still, he upward turn'd his eyes
Unto his wife; and, weeping, her address'd.

XXVII.

"O, Laura! O, my wife! I thank my God
That thou hast come unto me at this hour
Of darkness and of sin; for who so fit
As thou to see me with my harden'd heart
Open before thee? who so fit as thou,
Who held'st in youth my heart in closest thrall,
And once didst love me, to reprove my sin?
O, Laura! in this hour of bitter shame,
In thee I see an angel sent from Heaven,
To rescue me from out the maze of sin,

In which I am entangled by the fault
Of reckless heart and spirit unsubdued.
O, Laura! wonder not that thus I speak,
I who so lately thou, thou didst behold
Bent upon sin: believe me, the events
Of these swift moments, like a lightning stroke,
Have changed my heart—ah, yes! and broke it, too.
Yet fain would I, before I leave this life,
Obtain forgiveness, if not from my God,
At least from thee, who once I truly loved.
O, Laura! by the time when thou didst love
Thy lover, Ivan; by that gentle girl
Who owes her life to me and thee, forgive!"

XXVIII.

So spake the husband, crouching at the feet
Of her he had so outraged; and a look
Of pity beam'd from Laura's radiant eyes,
Her olden love re-kindling at the sight
Of Ivan's noble form low in the dust,
And supplicating with uplifted hands.
A moment more, and she had raised him up
And led him to a couch, and twined her arms
Around about him as she did of old,
Beneath the cypresses beside the Bay
Of queenly Naples, once her happy home.

XXIX.

An hour had pass'd ; the husband and the wife,
Long sunder'd, lately join'd, sat side by side :
All anger now had vanish'd from the eyes
Of Laura, and, instead, a gentle look
Of tenderness lit up her careworn face.
Little by little, at her husband's prayer,
She told her story, passing lightly o'er
The toils and griefs that she had undergone,
Sparing to wound again her listener's heart.

XXX.

"Ivan," she said, "when I was left alone,
Alone for months, and thou didst not return
To me, I made resolve with her I bore
To follow thee to thy grim Northern home,
Hoping, perchance, to touch thy wayward heart,
If not myself, at least by my sweet babe.
Ivan, thou know'st the rest : when I arrived
Before Dundallon Castle, thou wert absent.
Oh ! how my heart sank then ! what cruel ire
Burn'd in my heart against thee when I heard
That thou hadst ta'en another to thy bed !
Friendless and moneyless I stood for long,
Doubting what course to take ; but when I heard
Proclaim'd by all the virtues of thy bride,

My heart was soften'd, and I made resolve,
Moved by the wailing of the helpless child,
To introduce her to her father's hearth,
If that were possible: with such intent
I placed her on the cold stones at the door,
And, hiding 'neath the bushes, watch'd th' event;
Nor watch'd I long, for soon, from out the Tower,
Came forth the gentle lady whom to-day
The clay-cold grave received, and tenderly
She raised my darling, and with close embrace,
And kindly words which fell upon mine ear,
And tender kisses, carried her away.
Though thou hadst married her, I could not choose
But love her truly, and I felt assured
My little lamb would want no tender care,
And might, perchance, engage her father's love.
And now, my mission being half fulfill'd,
Uncertain of thy coming, I resolved
To turn my steps from this my husband's tower,
To turn my back on this my rightful rest,
And once again seek Italy, my home.
Strange I could so resolve! yet gratitude
To her who had received my child, combined
With fear of thy displeasure and revenge,
Urged me to do so, and with doubt and pain
I journey'd homewards, and by hard constraint

Compell'd myself to dwell there ; but my love
For thee, my husband, and my little one,
For years held down, again burst forth again.
Once more I pass'd the sea, and sought the shore
Of dreary Scotia : as I near'd the height
On which Dundallon's Tower lifts high its head,
I heard the sound of music on the breeze,
And saw a sad procession winding down,
Corbreckan's clan attending, and a thrill
Of horror struck upon my weary soul.
O, Ivan ! all my love for thee came back,
All the deep love that I had felt for thee
Years, years ago, when over the bright Bay
Of queenly Naples I would watch the skiff
That bore thee swiftly to my longing arms.
Scarce could I ask whose corse was being borne
To its last resting-place ; but when I heard
It was thy wife's, not thine, my strength return'd :
Yet I was fain to weep, for gratitude
To her who had received my helpless child
Still reign'd within my heart : but soon, alas !
When I remark'd thy bearing, and the form
In sable weeds press'd closely to thy side,
My heart misgave me, and upon the ground
I fell, for sorrow weigh'd me to the earth.
Scarcely recover'd, by the tender care



Of some poor woman who beheld me fall,
I climb'd once more Dundallon's Castle height,
And rush'd into the house by right mine own.
Pausing a moment ere I oped the door,
I heard thy voice : O Ivan ! well thou know'st
Both what I heard and saw ; nor will I now
Bring aught against thee ; only will I pray
That thy false heart, my Ivan, may be changed,
And that thou mayst learn to love thy daughter
With purer love than thou hast loved before—
Ay, and her mother too, who loves thee still."

XXXI.

So spake sad Laura, and with gentle mien
Embraced her long-lost husband ; then with haste
She flew to join her daughter Geraldine.
Oh, what a scene of joy ! what floods of love,
Pent up for years, burst from the mother's heart !
Oh, what a scene of joy ! in close embrace
The mother and the daughter are enfold :
The toils and troubles of their lives are past,
Or are forgotten, and a holy calm
Reigns in their souls ; as, when the howling winds
Are hush'd upon the sea, and all the clouds
Dispersing show the azure sky beyond,
All Nature smiles beneath the summer sun.—

Thus will we leave them ;—in each other's arms
The mother and the daughter sink to sleep.

XXXII.

Ivan meanwhile slept not ; throughout the night
He paced Dundallon's hall with fitful steps,
His mind revolving plans and counterplans.
At length with eagerness he seized a pen,
And wrote to Laura and to Geraldine,
Praying forgiveness for him at their hands,
And bidding them farewell—farewell for ever :
That done, he cast one lingering look around
His father's halls, and then with steady gait
Pass'd from Dundallon Tower, and down the steep
To a small harbour, where a boat was moor'd ;
In this embarking, Ivan reach'd a ship
Which lay at anchor on the heaving bay,
Waiting the flowing of the morning tide :
And so he pass'd for ever from his home.

XXXIII.

Scarce had the sun lit up with rising beams
The highest turret of Dundallon Tower,
Ere the gay seamen raised the anchor up,
And set the sails before the coming wind.
Gaily the sailors chanted as they plied

Their busy hands ; gaily the flashing foam
Leap'd round the vessel, as she cleft her way
Through the blue, bounding billows ; but the heart
Of Ivan was oppress'd with bitter thoughts,—
Dark memories of past times, and present shame.
Ivan was gazing for the last, last time
Upon the cradle of his ancient race,
Where he had spent his childhood's happiest hours,
And where the only two in all the world
He cared for now, were, in each other's arms,
Sleeping the sleep of happy innocence.

XXXIV.

High in the heavens rode the glorious sun
When Laura rose and left her weary couch ;
And when she first gazed out upon the sea,
The ship which bore her husband from the land
Seem'd but a speck on that uncertain line
Where sky and sea commingle. As she gazed,
Little she thought how precious was the freight
Which that fast-fleeting vessel bore away ;
Little she thought she was once more deprived
Of him whom she had now so lately found,
And that she ne'er should see his face again.—
Yet so it was. The letter Ivan left
Declared that he would seek some foreign shore,



And join a foreign army, in the hope
The sword or bullet in the battle-front
Might end his shame and life, or that he would
Live on—if live he might—within the shade
Of some stern cloister, where harsh discipline
Might melt, perchance, his hard and sin-sear'd heart.
Prayers did he also add—prayers to his wife
And to his daughter, that they would forgive
The guilty husband of a blameless wife,
The guilty father of a blameless child,
Who then address'd them for the last, last time.

Thus the tale stopp'd abruptly ; but I learn'd
That, ere the spring had flown, young Geraldine,
Like some white lily wither'd by rude winds,
Was call'd away from out this weary world,
And with her dying breath desired to be
Laid in the earth where Ella's body slept
Beneath the shadow of the Runic Cross.
And what of Laura? Childless, husbandless,
Her Northern home had now no charm for her,
And so she pass'd away—where, no one knew ;
Only 'twas said a convent's walls, that grew
Out from the living rock above the Bay
Of queenly Naples, once her happy home,

Her shatter'd frame and broken heart received.
And it was said, a traveller brought word,
That in the cloister church that crowns the knoll
Round which the convent clusters, lies a stone
Inscribed, "*Hic Jacet Laura.* DEO LAUS."

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

I SAT all day upon the lonely shore,
Sad, very sad, from all my kind apart ;
No sound came near me save the wild waves' roar,
But that was music to my weary heart.
Entranced, I heeded not the flight of time ;
Hour after hour flew by, unreck'd by me ;
My own sad thoughts seem'd like a mystic rhyme
Set to the music of the sounding sea.
Scarcely I knew I lived, for to the past,
As to some other life, my soul look'd back,
And to my heart—a ship with shatter'd mast—
No beacon hope shone out to show the track.
At length the sun sank down, and o'er the deep
A sweet and solemn silence 'gan to brood,
The moon rose up behind the craggy steep,
And touch'd with silver light cliff, strand, and flood ;
Then, though no hope was mine, yet by degrees
Peace in the sea's voice o'er my spirit stole,
And with the wafting of the evening breeze
The Voice of Nature sooth'd my troubled soul.

SCAW FELL PIKES.

I PARTED from a friend on Scaw Fell Pikes—
He to descend past Glaramara's heights,
And great Bow Fell, to Grasmere's quiet lake ;
I to return where Wast Dale's tarn low lies.
Clouds hung around us as we bade God-speed
Unto each other, and in misty shrouds
Were other summits veil'd, yet here and there
Windows were cut by winds amongst the mists
Through which I might behold the distant sea,
Mountains, and fertile vales, and hill-girt tarns,
And Mona floating in the lurid waves.

Parting in such a scene, to me it seem'd
As if we two were then about to step
Each to a different world ; and, left alone,
I linger'd long upon that cloudy height.
There all was wondrous still ; no sound of men
Broke the dread silence of that mountain crest,

Which scarce I dared to break ; yet now and then
A wandering breeze brought up the broken sound
Of some hill-torrent leaping far below
Amidst the rocks torn from the mount above,
Or prattling through green meads where children play'd
In summer sunlight by some cottage door.
Oh ! solemn thoughts came then upon my mind !
I saw the might of God in all His works
Which round about me were, and bless'd the Hand
That had such wonders made, and then I thought
Of home and distant friends ; yes, one by one,
Old scenes, old friends did pass before my mind,
Sad, and in slow procession, and mine eyes
Were fill'd with tears, for many that I saw
Had pass'd from this world to a world beyond.
Yet, when I gazed again upon the scene
Which circled me around, my heart was fain
To bound with rapture, and I stood erect,
Exulting in the mighty works of God.

THE ACONITE.

THERE is a little flower that blows
Full early in the days of spring,
No blossom that high summer shows
Can more of grace and beauty bring.

'Tis very small—a golden cup
Surrounded by a frill of green
Out from the scarce-thaw'd earth comes up,
When nought beside of life is seen.

Yet it an earnest seems to give
That earth once more shall sweetly smile,
That all dead things again shall live,
New things upspringing all the while.

Welcome as that kind spray of green
Brought by the dove to father Noah,
The Aconite by me is seen,
Proclaiming that the worst is o'er.

To those who, coop'd within the Ark,
Were toss'd upon the restless tide,
The olive-branch, green earth's first mark,
More lovely seem'd than all beside.

And so to me, whom winter's cold
And sunless days have low depress'd,
The Aconite, with gleam of gold,
Brings hope of respite and of rest.

THE SEMBLANCE OF THE PAST.

STAMFORD.

THERE is Music that recalls the Semblance of an ancient
town,

Where a church was ever vocal with the old-world
changing chimes,

And a river, slowly creeping, bore the barges up and
down,

And the quaint old gabled houses told of mediæval
times.

Oh! the chords of joy or sorrow which those chimes
woke in my soul,

As I, homeward wending, heard them, heard them
wending back to school,

Urging on the flying coach, or loath to reach the
journey's goal,

As dear freedom was before me, or the dull scholastic
rule.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

There is Music that recalls the Semblance of the ocean
strand,
Where, a child, I loved to wander, gathering salt sea-
weeds and shells,
And a marrain-grass-grown reach of shifting, quivering,
sunstruck sand,
Over which on Sunday mornings rang the music of
the bells
From a grey church-tower uprearing from the grey roofs
of the town,
Built where many a pleasant river mingles with the
Northern main ;
And the sailors in the vessels passing haply up and
down,
Heard the holy sounds, and joyful, shouted in respon-
sive strain.

MAGDALEN CHAPEL, OXFORD.

There is Music that recalls the Semblance of a shadowy
aisle,
Dimly gleaming with the light of waxen tapers set
around,
And the deep-toned, sweet-toned organs pealing solemnly
the while,
Loudly calling, lowly falling with uncertain bursts of
sound ;

And that sweet low voice beside me, as I lowly knelt
in prayer,
With that Friend of Friends whose deep love was
a priceless boon to me ;
And our arm-link'd walks together in the cloister'd
alleys there,
When we heard the shivering sound-peals swelling
like the distant sea.

PRAG.

There is a Music that recalls the Semblance of a palaced
height,
With a hundred trumpets blowing, blowing in a loud
acclaim,
And the booming of the cannon, and the banners gleam-
ing bright,
Rapture of an alien army, but a conquered people's
shame ;
And a white-robed, long procession winding down the
serried hill
To the statued bridge that spans the noble Moldan
eddy deep,
Where the meek Confessor bowed him to the phrenzied
tyrant's will,
And amongst the river-eddies did a Martyr's palm-
branch reap.*

* See Note 1, at end.

These the Semblances and Visions Music haply brings
to me,
 Semblances of distant places and of long-departed
 friends ;
Always of the dead-past telling, by its power my soul
set free,
 Backward towards its earliest being, up life's ladder-
 steps ascends ;
And however gay the Music, chords of sadness strike
my heart—
 Chords of sadness mixed with gladness, for on earth
 all is not woe ;
Friends departed still are treasures, though Death's dark
stream us may part,
And past scenes our own continue, though Time's
tides dividing flow.



RICH AND POOR.

WHEN the rich and noble suffer,
Then the fame is spread abroad ;
When the poor and humble suffer,
No one knoweth—*only God.*

CLAUDE AND LILIAN.

LILIAN.

“OH ! stay and watch the lights of noon
That struggle through the old lime-trees,
And mark the waves of the lagoon,
Stirr'd by the mid-day summer's breeze ;
And listen to the warbling note
Of many a bird on many a tree,
Or down the blue lake's surface float,
Leaning thy weary head on me ;
And I thy throbbing brow will fan,
And sing till thou dost calmly sleep ;
Leave not, dear Claude, thy Lilian,
Nor try to-day yon frowning steep.”

CLAUDE.

"Nay, stay me not, for I must instant wend,
And climb the peak the fading sun-light dies on,
Thither my spirit longeth to ascend,
My soul is ever with the far horizon."

And so he left, and clomb the weary steep,
Through woods of dim pines draped with moss so
hoary,
And for his toils his soul did rapture reap;—
Down sank the sun o'er icy peaks in glory!
He stood and gazed upon those dying fires,
Oh! solemn then that mountain-peak and soundless!
Yet all insatiate were his soul's desires,
For that wide scene of grandeur was not boundless.
On, on, on, on, the darkness strew'd his way;
On, farther on, till broke the light of morning,
From out the sea rose up the orb of day,
Headland, far shore, and boundless waves adorning:
Then did his heart beat high, for in the sea
That Infinite his soul so craved was given;—
Alone, of things below supremely free,
The ocean minds us of the expanse of heaven.

DARROW FARM.

THE shimmering moonlight fell upon the moor,
And on the crofts that slope from Darrow Farm ;
And bitter cold the icy North-wind blew,
Driving and drifting the new-fallen snow :
It was the sort of night when men will say,
What time they sit beside the crackling blaze,
“ God help the seamen and the houseless poor ! ”

Within the ingle-nook at Darrow Farm
Sat Farmer Morland by the sinking fire,
A crabb'd old man, like some strong gnarlèd oak,
With wistful eyes cast, furtive, on the ground.
And opposite old Morland sat his wife,
A pale, sad-looking woman of three-score ;
And she, as there she sat, sigh'd wearily,
And two tears fell adown her wither'd cheeks,
At which her husband : “ Wife, what ails thee now ? ”

Be cheerful, can't you? Talk a little bit,
And drown the wind that roars around the house."
And she replied, "Sure, husband, you forget
What night this is ; the saddest in the year—
The night our Margaret did go away—
Away from her old home, these three years gone ;
How, then, can I be cheerful?" With an oath
The farmer interrupted, "Hold thy peace,
And never name her name to me again ;
She is no longer any child of mine ;
I have renounced her : Would that she were dead !"
To which his wife made answer, "O, my husband,
Her name, my Margaret's, shall never more
Pass from my lips, if only thou wilt say
Thou wilt forgive her. To receive her back
I dare not ask thee, though what wonder if
A mother should upon her knees ask this
For her dear child, though fallen ; but of thee
I only crave that thou wilt say thou wilt
Forgive her, as thou hop'st to be forgiven."
But Morland answer'd, with a savage oath,
"Never—no, never will I her forgive,
What though I stand and look upon her corpse."

The shimmering moonlight fell upon the moor,
And on the crofts which slope from Darrow Farm ;

And bitter cold the icy North-wind blew
Around the house and barns of Darrow Farm.
Within the ingle nook, beside the fire,
Sat Farmer Morland opposite his wife.
Without, the wind was howling ; but within
There was a silence : only the old clock
Measured the waning night with aguish tick,
Making the silence seem more silent still.
Then, on a sudden, thrice, distinct and clear,
A tap was heard against the oaken door—
A tap such as a frolic girl might give
Who taps to call her love, then runs away
Blushing, and flutter'd in her longing heart—
At which old Morland : “ Who, this time o' night,
Can come a-knocking here? Go, wife, and see.”
So she arose ; and, as she cross'd the floor,
She thought, but did not dare to speak her thought,
“ What, what if it should be my Margaret ?
What if my lamb again re-sought the fold,
The fold she left three weary years ago ? ”

The shimmering moonlight fell upon the moor,
And on the crofts which slope from Darrow Farm ;
And round the house the North-wind howl'd and
shriek'd :
But louder than the wind's shrieks was the cry

Which burst from Mary Morland, when she oped
The door to see what stranger hand had tapp'd.
There, in the moonlight, stood her Margaret,
The Margaret of younger, blither days ;
Bare were her arms, that bitter, biting night,
And o'er her frail form flutter'd in the wind
A thin gauze scarf, and round her rippling curls
Was wound a coronal of white spring flowers.
There, in the moonlight, stood young Margaret—
The Margaret of younger, purer days, .
Wearing the self-same dress that she had worn
When she was chosen to be Queen of May.
And Margaret, when she her mother saw,
'Gan dancing merrily amidst the snow,
Adown the crofts which slope from Darrow Farm,
Adown the crofts, and out upon the moor ;
And as she danced, she beckon'd with her hands,
Yet spake no word ; and out upon the waste
The mother followèd her long-lost child.

“What ails thee, wife? and wherefore didst thou
shriek?

Who was it knock'd? who is it at the door?”
Cried Farmer Morland, but no answer came,
Save the wild shrieking of the winter wind,
And the low ticking of the dusty clock.

Then Farmer Morland rose, and, wondering
What could have wrung so pitiful a cry
From his wife, Mary, stagger'd to the door.

The shimmering moonlight fell upon the moor,
And on the crofts which slope from Darrow Farm ;
And in the moonlight Farmer Morland saw
The swift-retreating form of Margaret,
His fallen daughter, crown'd with white spring flowers,
And beck'ning with her bare and rounded arms
To her who follow'd her adown the slopes,
Adown the slopes, and out upon the moor.
Then Farmer Morland, almost mad with rage,
Burst from the house, and follow'd down the croft,
And out upon the solemn, moonlit waste
Pursued his fallen daughter and his wife.

The shimmering moonlight fell upon the moor,
And touch'd with ghastly light the driften snow ;
But oh ! what marvel did the old man see ?
Why did he stay his course ? Why stop to gaze
Upon the snow-drifts on the wind-swept moor ?
Before, far onward, still the fleeting forms
Of wife and daughter met his dazèd eyes,
But on the ground the foot-prints of *but one*
Were traced upon the newly-fallen snow.

The shimmering moonlight fell upon the moor,
And on an old grey cairn of lichen'd stones ;
And Margaret stopt there, and waved her hands,
White as the snow that lay around the cairn,
And laid her down to rest amidst the heath,
Which grew so high it hid her form from view.
“ Now I have caught my darling,” thought the mother ;
Now I have caught my darling Margaret—
Kind Heaven, support me till I reach the cairn.”

The shimmering moonlight fell upon the moor,
What time the mother reach'd the lichen'd cairn ;
And there, there on the cold, brown heather lay
The form of poor, heart-broken Margaret,
Cold, still, and dead ; still clasping to her breast
A little infant in her shrunken arms.

Such is the tale they tell of Darrow Farm ;
And there, they say, still lives old Morland's wife
(For Morland died the day that Margaret
Was carried to the grave) ; and the young babe
Found claspt, still living, in the lifeless arms
Of the dead mother, lives at Darrow Farm
With her grandmother Mary, and they say .
That there is light again in Darrow Farm,
For there, there dwells a second Margaret.

FURZE BLOSSOMS LATE IN AUTUMN.

ON THE MENDIP HILLS.

THE barren sea is fleck'd with foam,
 Upon the moor the bents are dying,
And from the waning autumn copse
 The last red autumn leaves are flying.
All Nature speaks of dull decay,
 Her features stiffening into death,
Yet still a far-off, golden ray
 Comes glancing from the windy heath.
It is the yellow-blossom'd furze,
 Which lightens up the autumn gloom,
As roses, with wild-wandering arms,
 Will sometimes deck a desert tomb;
As sometimes, when life's goal is near'd,
 Saints' dying lips part with a smile,
For though earth's pains be hard to bear,
 Heaven's angel-music sounds the while.



FOUNTAIN COURT, IN THE TEMPLE.

OH! 'tis a rest, when borne upon the surge
Of life's sea rolling down the crowded street,
To pass the severing archway, and emerge
Into the Court, so calm and cool and sweet,
Of the green Temple's classical retreat;
And, sitting there beneath the shadowy trees,
To listen to the fount that sprinkles near,
While from afar, borne on the humming breeze,
The roar of life's tide breaks upon the ear
With deep and solemn cadence, half-subdued:—
This is a scene to make the soul forget
In what unrest and turmoil it is set;
Here is a city's heart, though none intrude;
Within a throng, a ring of solitude.

CRUSADING CHIVALRY.

SOUND on, ye surges ; rave, ye wild winds, rave ;
Lift up your dirges for the great and brave :
The great are in the dust, the brave are low,
And crush'd and riven now the martial show,
Which even now in pomp pass'd by,
With all the gauds of chivalry,
The might of horsemen, and of them that bend the bow.

Toll out, ye bells ; ye bells of churches, toll ;
Your solemn music through the heaven roll :
Toll for the brave who went forth to the fight,
Shielded by faith, and mail'd in truth and right :
Ring for the deeds so nobly done,
Ring for the battle well-nigh won,
But toll a prayer, ye bells, for the dead monarch's soul.

Blow up the trumpets, minstrels, loudly blow,
Peal the dread organs, solemnly and slow,
And celebrate the fame of that brave band,
Who fell around their prince in heathen land,
 Careless of earthly pain or loss,
 If they might but regain the Cross,
And save their captive brothers from the paynim foe.

A PICTURE.

FROM R. HUGHES'S "LOG OF THE PET."

BENEATH a pine on Nargon's wave-worn Isle
A young girl sat : her long, unbraided hair
Flow'd in pale streaming ripples, and her eyes
(Dark-blue were they, and full of sweet surprise)
Shone brightly in the Baltic's briny air,
And she, all habited in simple guise,
A fisher's net was mending, and the while,
Silently gazing, lay an English lad
Beside her, his young face, devoid of guile,
Gloating upon the treasure which he had
Open before him. They no common tongue
Could speak, and yet they spoke and understood
Each one the other's meaning : Love's voice rung
In silent glances, and their souls subdued.



GOD HELP THE ENGLISH POOR.

O LORD, how long? how long shall Thy belovèd
Faint in hard bond-chains in this land of freedom?
O Lord, how long? how long from dawn to daylight
Shall Thy poor labour, underpaid, unrestful?
While their strength lasteth, toiling without respite,
When their strength faileth, cast aside, uncared for.

The bleak wind blew across the fen,
The snow fell on the moor,
When on a cold stone-heap I found
One of the English poor.

A wizen'd, wither'd man was he,
Of threescore years and ten,
And no warm coat defended him
From the wind across the fen.



From the grey dawn of morning,
Until the fall of night,
Day after day the old man sat
In sad and sorry plight.

Breaking stones from dawn of day,
Breaking stones till night,
Yet more than stones were broken there—
His heart was broken quite.

And when I spoke, I saw the tears
Steal down his sunken cheek:
“O Sir!” he cried, “I gets for this
Five shillings in the week.

“We might, Sir, go into ‘the House,’
This bitter, biting weather,
But don’t you see, Sir, us poor folks,
We likes to be together.

“And my old wife, poor thing, is weak,
And it ’ud break her heart
If we was forced to leave our cot,
And we was forced to part.”



I left the old man on the road
That leads across the moor :
“God touch the rich man’s heart,” I cried;
“God help the English poor !”

O Lord, how long ? how long shall Thy belovèd
Faint in hard bond-chains in this land of freedom ?
O Lord, how long shall Thy poor be neglected ?
How long shall Thy young lambs be left to wander,
Sundays and week-days, school-less and uncared for ?

The bleak wind blew across the fen,
The snow lay on the moor,
When in a wide plough’d field I found
One of the English poor.

A wizen’d, wither’d child was he,
Not more than ten years old,
His hands were blue, his lips were blue,
And shrivell’d with the cold.

His lips were blue, his face was red,
And he was thin ; God knows
He had not food enough to eat :
All day he scared the crows.

From morning dawn to fall of night,
 Whether it thaw'd or froze,
 He paced the clayey fallow's bound
 To scare the hungry crows.

From morning dawn to fall of night,
 He had no rest or play,
 And unto him the Sunday was
 A weary, working day.

And when I spoke, I saw the tears
 Steal down his sunken cheek,
 "O Sir!" he cried, "I gets for this
 But eighteen pence a week.

"It's very lonesome being here,
 It frightened me at first,
 And I'd far better be at school;
 But that is not the worst.

"I used, when I had scared the crows,
 To scoop a turnip out
 For brother Ben, but master once
 See'd what I was about,

“And hided I for stealing, Sir,
And stopt I half my pay,
So now I don't know what to do
To pass the time away.

“But please, sir, tell I what's o'clock,
Afore you turns to go :—
Them yonder, sir, is master's sheep
A fatting for the Show.”

I look'd into a neighbouring fold,
Plethoric sheep stood there,
So fat, they scarce could stand to eat
Their rich, luxurious fare.

I look'd into a neighbouring field,
Fat hares were feeding there,
So tame they never moved away,
But only stopt to stare.

I turn'd away ; my heart was sad,
That brute beasts should be fed,
While Christian folks, night after night,
Go supperless to bed.

I turn'd away ; my heart was sad,
That Christ's lambs should be lost,
While prize-show sheep and pamper'd hares
Are cramm'd at any cost.

I left the crowboy in the field
Beside the snow-clad moor,—
“God touch the rich man's heart,” I cried ;
“God help the English poor !”



THE ISLAND CITY.

THERE is an Island City, from the sea
Her palaces rise proudly, yet therein
The ocean voice is hush'd, for day by day
The slow tides ebb and flow without a wave.
Round gilded domes, and in the silent streets,
I have beheld, like flakes of driven foam,
The sea-birds glancing in the lazy air,
Deeming almost those sound-hush'd haunts of men
As great a solitude as those lone eyots
That raise their sandy shores from Adria's waves.

How strange that Island City's water-streets !
Tall ships sail in, and anchor at the gates
Of marble palaces, with trellised bowers
Of ruddy oleander, which bend down
To kiss the lapping waters, and the tides
Leave on the marble steps which gird the strand
The paltry sea-wrack, tribute meet and fit

To her who once ruled Adria's sea-green waves.
Now, nought may break the stillness, save the plash
Of passing gondol, or that fitful voice
Which, breaking on the ear, but serves to show
How deep and sad the silence,—high in air,
The voice of bells from many a campanile
And airy turret, calling men to prayer.

Truly the Island City seems to sleep
A slumber deep, yet not the same she slept
Ere first she sprung like Venus from the sea
To pride and victory ; no, not such as this
The sleep of Venice now : her children's eyes
Are dim with watching, and with tears for hopes
Broken, protracted : for a hateful foe
Sits brooding o'er her ruins, and her pride
Is fallen, fallen : where in times of old
Her gonfalons waved proudly in the wind
Before San Marco's portal, draggles now
The sickly black and yellow ;* and the beaks
Of gore-stain'd vultures, with their double crests,
Peer down, as thirsting for the people's blood.

Ah ! but a day shall come, an awful day,
When Venice shall avenge her outraged state,
And when the green waves of the smooth lagoon

* The Austrian Imperial Colours.

Shall crimson with the blood of freedom's foes :—
Yet, though her children freedom shall attain,
Never again shall Venice raise her head
So proud and queenly as she raised it once
Among the nations ; once laid in the dust,
Dust shall henceforth for aye cling to her crown.

N HEARING A POOR WOMAN SINGING
IN THE STREET,
WITH TWO SICK CHILDREN.

OF old, the captives by Euphrates' streams
Hung up their harps upon the trees thereby,
Nor could they tune their voices to the songs
Of Zion, as they pined in slavery.
O woman ! hard the load that thou dost bear,
And grievous must it be to act thy part,
To be constrained for thy children's bread,
To sing those merry songs with breaking heart.
Though others may deride thy thin, weak voice,
To me it seems a voice from Heaven above ;
Woman's affection speaketh in its tones,
And, holiest of all, a mother's love.

IN MEMORIAM. I. H. D'A.

My intercourse, loved friend, with thee
Had far too little of alloy
For this dull world of short-lived joy,
For thou wert all in all to me.

Oftimes when I with thee conversed,
I thought in secret in my heart
That thou and I too soon must part,
And lo! thou hast departed first.

Hadst thou remain'd, I well may fear
This world had been too dear to me,
But parted now, loved one, from thee,
This world is cold, and dim, and drear.

Yet still, although of thee, dear friend,
I wander on the earth bereft,
I have thy bright example left,
Abiding till my life shall end.

Yes, night by night, and day by day,
I love to think of thee as near,
And o'er a prospect dim and drear,
Thy memory casts a glowing ray.

I hear thy voice, I see thee move,
Thy form still lingers in my sight,
And 'mid the darkness of earth's night,
I glory that I own'd thy love.

THE MOLDAU BRIDGE, PRAG.

HASTEN down the Hradchin ridge,
Let us walk beside the river ;
Let us linger on the bridge,
Watch the waves in moonlight shiver ;
Watch the shadows quivering faint,
From each stony-sculptured saint.

See the gleaming five-starr'd crown
On the meek Confessor's brow.
Where they hurl'd his body down,
There his statue standeth now,
Gazing on the stream beneath,
Where he met a martyr's death.

In Saint Vitus' lofty fane,
Shrined in silver, doth he lie,
And his praise shall never wane,
Nor his loved remembrance die ;
O'er him hangs a five-starr'd crown,
Symbol of his bright renown.



Glance again into the river,
Down into the troubled stream,
Where the piers the waters sever,
Silvery doth the moonlight gleam;
As of old the five stars shone
O'er the martyr'd corpse of John.

Hurry onward, Moldau's flood,
To the Elbe thy waters bearing;
Whisper thou the tale of blood,
And the Martyr's meekest daring,
Who the tyrant's power defied,
True to his sworn promise died.

Whisper, Moldau, as you flow
Through the wide Bohemian plain,
"Ended is the Martyr's woe,
But his glory shall remain.
When of life he was bereft,
He all pain and sorrow left;
And hereafter he shall stand
By God's Throne, with palm in hand.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

A DEEP and solemn silence broodeth over sea and land,
Only broken by the breakers breaking on the distant
strand,
Or by the bleating of the flocks upon the long-ridged
hills,
Or by the eternal tinkle of the seaward-wending rills.

The horses of the farms graze in the meadows by the
stream ;
The black rooks crowd the smooth-shorn lawns, and in
the sunlight gleam ;
At anchor all the fishing-boats rock idly on the bay,
For they the salt-sea surges shall never plough to-day.

Hark ! when the breeze sweeps nearer, the cheerful sound
of bells
From half-a-hundred hamlets in the inland valley swells ;

Then comes a lull—breathe softly, winds, breathe silently,
for there,
In yon deep vale, the hamlets kneel to raise their God-
ward prayer.

And toil-worn men meet yonder their Godward praise to
speak
For the hours most dear and peaceful in all the weary
week,
For the day of happiest freedom in the toilsome round of
seven,
For the best resting-place from toil on this earth's side
of Heaven.

Hark ! from each scatter'd hamlet rises a merry noise—
The ringing laugh of childhood, of merry girls and boys,
From many a sunward-sloping croft, from many a shadowy
lane,
Deep lying in betwixt wide fields of wind-waved, yellow-
ing grain.

From many a glen the voices rise, borne on the breeze
to me,
Dreamily listening, as I lie upon the hill-side wild and
free ;



For, for too brief a space I have outwended from the
town,
Exchanging smoke and blackness for the gorse-clad,
airy down.

And my toil-dimm'd eyes grow brighter as I gaze upon
the sea,
And my toil-worn limbs grow lighter as the sun shines
over me,
And my heavy heart grows warmer with love to God and
men,
As those sweet sounds rise up upon the breeze each now
and then.

Back must I wend at eventide unto my squalid home,
Six weary days of work must pass ere I again may roam!
Yet from the great city's heart my praise shall rise to
Heaven,
For the good gift to working men of one day's rest in
seven.

THE EAGLE.

SAILING high
In the sky,
Hovering over land and sea,
On the breeze
He floats at ease,
On the wind so wild and free.

He takes his rest
Upon the crest
Of some huge mountain capp'd with snow ;
To lowly lands
Till'd by men's hands,
His lofty spirit scorns to go.

With scarce-seen motion
Wrinkleth the ocean
Far, far below him in the bay ;



The planets are,
Or seem, not far,
So close he nears their blazing way.

High in the air,
So thin and rare,
He mocks the sun with flapping wings :
Lone, desolate,
He holds his state,
Contemning all terrestrial things.

WILD FOWL.

SEE, they come! in long line bending!
High above the snow-clad plain,
Ever forwards, never sending
Stragglers from their mazy train.

See, they come! in long line bending!
Never a stop, and never a stay;
Straight the course that they are wending
Towards the regions of the day!

See, they come! in long line bending!
From the icy, Northern sea,
Ever to the Southward tending,
Where the streams run fresh and free.

See, they come! in long line bending!
Never a sound and never a song,
Save their wings, the crisp air rending,
Whistle as they dart along.



See, they come! in long line bending!
Weaving dances in the sky;
Flight succeeding flight, unending,
Through the firmament they fly.

See, they come! in long line bending!
Last are first, and first are last;
One is with the other blending,
Till the daylight hour is past.

See, they come! in long line bending!
Through the marshland evening haze,
Till the silent night, descending,
Hides them from our eager gaze.

THE FOWLERS OF ST. KILDA.*

HACON, the brave old Fowler, gat him up
After his meal, and said unto his wife,
“We go to gather birds : bring here the rope ;”
And his wife smiled, and brought the well-wrought rope,
Strengthen’d with many a thong of well-cured hide,
And gave it to her husband : silently
The old man took it, then, with his two sons
(Brave youths and comely), pass’d away from home,
Leaving the woman weaving by the hearth,
And all the younger children at their play.

And now the three pass’d on along the cliffs,
Whose base is ever wash’d with ceaseless waves,
Unto the highest point, then, looking down,
The father cried, “See, ’tis a goodly year
For sea-gulls’ breeding ;” and his merry sons

* This story is related in Bishop Stanley’s *History of Birds*.

Took up huge blocks of stones, and roll'd them down,
Down o'er the rock, and watch'd their swift descent
And plash into the waves ; then, as a cloud,
Thousands of sea-fowls left their resting-ridge,
And flew confusedly o'er the heaving sea,
Screaming full wildly ; then they one by one
Re-sought their callow offspring on the nests.

And now the father had with eager haste
Fix'd the rope firmly round a jutting point
Of hardest rock, and, tying it around
With cunning knots, like those that interlace
Around the stone limbs of a Runic Cross,
Slung himself o'er the cliff, and next to him
Follow'd the younger son, and last of all
Came Rolf the elder : down, and down they went,
Guiding themselves by hand from ledge to ledge,
And gathering from the nests full many a brood
Of young birds, careless of the old ones' cries.

And now, their task fulfill'd, they 'gan to climb
Upwards once more ; first, Rolf, the elder son,
Then Sweyn, the younger ; last of all, the sire.
Up, up they swung, the way seemed long and hard,
Up, farther up, and then above the screams
Of circling sea-mews, Rolf's deep voice was heard :
" Father ! oh, father ! high above our heads
The rope is breaking !" And the old man said,

“Rolf, will it hold until we reach the top?”
And Rolf replied, “It grazes on an edge
That wears its heart, and our united weight
Will sunder it full quickly.” And the father
In mournful accents spake : “Can *one* escape?”
And Rolf made answer : “*Scarcely* ; yet, perchance,
One may escape,—yet better will it be
That we die all together.” “Draw thy knife,”
Spake his sire sternly ; “cut away below ;
One yet may live to soothe thy mother’s woes.”

Rolf gazed above him, and the cruel rock
Had well-nigh cut the well-wove rope in twain ;
Then, with a shudder, he drew forth his knife
And cut away below him : one wild cry
Burst from young Sweyn ;—then came an awful lull ;
And then the fitful breeze brought up the sound
Of a dull splash into the waves beneath.
Rolf’s brain was dizzy, but he look’d and saw
A mark of foam upon the opening waves
Which closed upon a something ;—then again
The waves heaved on as calmly as before.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I WATCH'D the sun sink in the waves,
I watch'd his golden, lingering track ;
Knowing he would more glorious rise,
I felt I could not wish him back.

I watch'd my loved one's closèd eyes,
I wept beside his corse, in vain ;
Knowing he would more glorious rise,
I could not wish him back again.

The sun is to man's life the light,
My friend was to my life the sun :
Yet, say I now in this my night,
"God's will in everything be done."

LAUNCHED ON A FRIDAY.

PART I.

SMOOTH as glass the harbour lay,
Smooth as glass the heaving bay ;
Only, by the headlands flowing,
Were the tides by foam-tracks showing
Whitherward their currents lay.

Motionless upon the bay
A gallant new-built vessel lay ;
And imaged in the waters bright,
Right underneath in greeny light,
Trembled each mast, and spar, and stay.

The ship was painted white and blue,
And at her peak an eagle flew,
Embroider'd by the fingers fair
Of yonder maiden weeping there,
With tender eyes of azure hue.

But gather'd on the lighthouse rock,
That stands unmoved the wild waves' shock,
There is a joyous, noisy crowd;
Each than his co-frere laughs more loud,
As if he were of laughing proud.

See the ship's builder chatting there,
That thin old man with grizzled hair;
And see the merchant stout and tall,
Of yon new ship he owneth all—
Stem, stern, keel, masts, and cargo rare.

And in and out the throng he stalks,
With one and with the other talks:
Says he, "A ship so taut and trim
Did never on the salt sea swim."
All in the crowd are envying him,

Save one old man, who, crabb'd and bent,
To many a mutter'd word gives vent,
And who, with sidelong, solemn leer,
Cries, "Wait, my hearties, for a year,
And then laugh to your hearts' content."

"What do you mean?" a widow cries,
The tears half-starting in her eyes—

"What do you mean? there's no risk, sure;
So taut a craft must be secure."

"*She was launch'd on a Friday,*" he replies.

The merchant's face grew dark and dim,
As a cloud had overshadow'd him,
And all the merry, bustling crowd,
That even now were laughing loud,
Seem'd suddenly cast down and cow'd.

But now a rustling sound was heard,
And all the upper air was stirr'd;
And on the hills, behind, the trees
'Gan sighing to the coming breeze,
As if they had some grief incurr'd.

Then gaily from the good ship's deck,
Answer'd on shore by many a beck,
And many a cheer from many a tongue,
The jovial song of the sailors rung
Who up the ponderous anchor swung;

Who spread the sails so white and new,
Who fasten'd the cordage taut and true,
And who, when this their task was o'er,
Gave three loud cheers, and one cheer more,
To lift the hearts of their friends on shore.

Away, away the blue waves through,
The gallant, good ship "Eagle" flew :
About her keel the foam was flying,
Friends on the shore to ship replying
 With cheers and tears for those they knew.

There was a widow standing there,
With hands uplifted in hearty prayer ;
There was a maiden, tender and true,
Who silently pray'd as the good ship flew—
 In sooth, these twain were a sorrowful pair.

Farther and farther fading from view,
The gallant new ship "Eagle" flew ;
And the crowd, now so silent, fixed their eyes on
That doubtful space where a fleeting form dies on
 The senses of man in the hazy horizon.

It was gone !—and the crowd on the lighthouse rock,
That stands unmoved the rude breakers' shock,
Began to disperse, and only a few
Linger'd, for now in their hearts they knew
 That the ill-omen'd words of the old man were true,

Who had said that it was an unlucky day
When the new ship first on the waters lay.

But at last, e'en the few to their homes in sorrow
Return'd, and they "bitterly thought of the morrow,"
Now their dearest and bravest had vanish'd away.

PART II.

A year had pass'd, and on the rock .
That stands unmoved the wild waves' shock
Had gather'd together a trembling crowd,
And the voice of the storm-wind was furious and loud,
And the foam of the sea was as white as a shroud.

In-rushing with force to the rock-bound bay
The headlong tide of the ocean lay,
Bearing aloft a shatter'd hull,
Round which wheel'd many a shrieking gull,
With wings as white as the seething spray.

And the trembling crowd kept silence deep,
As they stood and gazed from the lighthouse steep,
Or if one spake, 'twas with 'bated breath,
For all *knew the hull*, and that certain death
Awaited the crew on the sharp rocks beneath.

The merchant was there, and his face was pale,
And his knees beneath him began to fail,



And backwards and forwards he hurried in haste,
And he pray'd as he gazed o'er the watery waste,
Though he knew that no ship could outweather the gale.

The widow was there, and standing a-by
An old man stood with triumph in his eye ;
And the crowd shrunk back as he came anear,
And cried, " My hearties, what cheer, what cheer ?
She was launched on a Friday, this very day year."

No answer gave they, for a terrible shock
Told the ship had struck on the lighthouse rock ;
One heart-piercing shriek gave the crew from the deck,
Then a sudden pause, and fragments of wreck
The top of the wild waves did everywhere fleck.

The next morn was as calm as calm could be,
And a maiden walk'd and wept by the sea ;
She walk'd to the opposite side of the bay,
And there, where the rippling waves were at play,
The corpse of a young drownèd seaman lay.

And clasp'd in his hands, to their trust still true,
Was the flag that once on the ship's peak flew—
Was the flag which but a short day before
Had waved over the crew who were now no more,
Who were wreck'd on the rocks of their native shore.

ICEBERGS.

WE lay all night beneath the Northern sky
Rocking upon the waves, from out of which
White spectral forms uprose, awful and vast :—
Forms as of castle-turrets, from whose walls
Hung icy shrouds, and pennons laced with frost :—
Forms as of giant-men with snowy beards
Crownèd with snowy crowns, and robed with ice :—
Forms ancient, god-like, which from out the waves
Lifted themselves, and moved along the sea
Weird, and in slow procession ; and at times
Their crowns fell off, but, shorn of these, they still
March'd on their silent way,—a ghostly crowd.

Around their bases splash'd the heaving tides :
Dark were the shadows ; yet at times e'en there
Fire* blazed from out the deep when, undermined,

* The phosphorescence of the sea.

A mighty fragment
Some icy shroud,
'Twas wondrous
Of earthly torment
Yet in such awful
Bounded with glass
The might of Him
Sent frigid fire to

FROM THE EDDA.

before Sol's brightness.

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A mighty fragment of some Iceberg fell,
Some icy shroud, perchance, or snowy crown.—

'Twas wondrous to behold, the two extremes
Of earthly torment seemèd there to meet,
Yet in such awful beauty, that the soul
Bounded with gladness, and was fain to praise
The might of Him Who, with the icy cold,
Sent frigid fire to light the Northern waves.

NATURA CONSOLATRIX.

WITH weary hearts by pain or sorrow prest,
Where shall we find sweet peace and grateful rest
If not in Nature? On the lone hill-side,
Where purpling heath exhales its honied smell,
Or where on rocks the ceaseless-heaving swell
Of waves makes murmur to the restless tide ;
Where in cool woods the cushat builds her nest,
Or where, afar, in some lone mountain glen,
The wild bees hum, and wilder plovers cry,
Glancing like silver 'neath the azure sky,
But hush'd are all the busy sounds of men ;
To these, and scenes like these, the sad may fly,
And find a balm to soothe their souls' deep pain,
And cheer them till they meet the world again.



A PILGRIMAGE TO ARANMORE.*

WESTWARD, ever to the West,
Ever Westward did I wend,
For my soul could find no rest
Till I saw the sun descend
In the farthest Western sea,
Stretching to infinity—
Till I saw the sun descend,
As I stood upon the shore,
At the old World's Western end
In the Isle of Aranmore.

At the earliest dawn of day
Did I leave green Erin's shore;
Behind me all the long lough lay
Still as glass, but on before
Saw I crests that rose and fell
Of the huge Atlantic's swell—

* See Note 2, at end.

Saw the cormorants hasting by
With their wild, unearthly cry,
As they left the land-lock'd bay,
Left it at the dawn of day.
Soon, the long lough's shelter past,
Felt I then the Atlantic swell ;
Wave on wave succeeding fast,
Mountains rose and mountains fell,
And the open wave-worn shore
Echo'd with a sullen roar.
Then were rocky islets seen,
Skerries bleak and skerries bare,
Glistening with the white foam's sheen
In the early morning air ;
Glistening, as the Atlantic tide
Thunder'd on their outer side,
While above, around, below,
Sea-fowl darted to and fro,
Sea-fowl bred in craggy nest,
Sea-fowl of the snow-white breast.
Then I pass'd a frowning steep,
Whence a lonely tower look'd out
On the barren, heaving deep,
And the wild waves' roar and rout ;
And I enter'd on a sound
Of flashing water, and before,



Grey with rocks, and ocean-bound,
Lay the Isle of Aranmore ;
Grey and haze-enwrapt it lay
In the opening summer day.
Swift and swift, with many a bound
Over the bounding billows' swell,
Flew the bark with a hissing sound,
And the wind from the ocean favour'd us
Swiftly, swiftly on we flew [well ;
Over the bounding billows of blue ;
And as we flew so swift along,
The merry boatmen chanted a song ;
This was the song the boatmen sung
As the bark o'er the billows merrily sprung.

“ A Youth stood on the outer shore
Of Aranmore,
Gazing upon the sea,
When, rising from the waters bright,
A goodly sight
Of gleaming isles saw he.

“ These isles came floating down the wind,
In wondrous kind,
Like ships they came on-sailing ;

Like ships, he saw them with his eyes,
In wild surprise,
Just when the light was failing.

“And oh ! right through the coming night
A radiant light
Beam’d from enchanted walls ;
And troops of girls with crowns of gold
In dances roll’d
From diamond-lighted halls.

“The youth took boat, and left the shore
Of Aranmore,
And waved a last farewell
To her who loved him as her soul,
And then the roll
Of waves rang out his knell.

“And then the maiden saw his boat
Far outward float
Upon the darkening main ;
And she where he was gone knew well,
Where fairies dwell !
But ne’er saw him again.”

Ceased the song, and at the bar
Of Killany Bay were we ;
In the sea's bed downward far
Ocean's gems shone brilliantly ;
Starry flowers, and shells enfold
In weeds of green and red and gold—
Golden weeds with wavy motion
Trembling in the swell of ocean.
Then I stepp'd upon the shore
Of that ancient, lonely land,
Stepp'd upon the rock-girt strand
Of the Isle of Aranmore ;
And I march'd across the Isle,
Resting every now and then
By some cairn or cross-crown'd pile,
Memorials of holy men
Who had lived and work'd and died
By the Atlantic's wave-beat side.—
And now my pilgrimage was run,
And now my prize was well-nigh won ;
For I reach'd a rocky ledge
Stretching out into the sea,
And I peer'd beyond the edge
Down into profundity.
Now, indeed, my prize was won !
Now I stood with God alone !

Far and far as eye could see,
Stretching in immensity,
Roll'd the wide Atlantic ocean,
 Heaving in his long, long swell ;
With an equal, solemn motion
 Mountain-ridges rose and fell,
While the cavern'd rocks below
Echo'd back each thunderous blow.
Not a ship did then intrude
On that solemn solitude ;
God's own earth and God's own sea,
 And the blazing sunset sky,
Alone were vision'd unto me ;
 Nought of man's device came nigh ;
Nought of man did then intrude
On that perfect solitude.
Oh ! it was happiness to stand
On that extremest point of land !
Oh ! it was happiness to think
That then I stood on Europe's brink ;
That 'twixt the fresh New World and me
Nothing but sea, and sea, and sea
Did intervene ! The prize was won !—
For then the ancient, glorious sun
Sank into the Western ocean,
 Sank in lights of red and gold,



Sank, and then a deep emotion
O'er my satiate spirit roll'd,
And I cried, "The prize is won,
The dreams of boyhood are fulfill'd,
My weary voyaging is done,
But *memory* shall my future gild."

THE DANCE MACABRE.

ON THE MILL BRIDGE, LUZERN.*

THERE is a sad procession passing by ;
It is the Dance Macabre, and the eye
Of each who takes in that dread pomp a part
In passing shoots an ice-pang to the heart.
Death leads the way, and on his skinny drum
With bones beats time to those who after come :
Death leads the way ; ah ! see his glance so grim ;
Full well he knows that all must follow him.
Attendant Deaths swell out the gloomy crowds,
Scythes in their hands, round them the winding-
shrouds.

Ah ! whither doth that ghastly crew repair ?
Unto the open graves, which, scatter'd there,
Cover the mount with many a hill and hole,
While slow and solemn sounds the funeral knoll.

* See Note 3, at end.

Behold the Pope, no pompous train attending,
Unto the tomb with Death is slowly wending !
Fall'n off his triple crown ; the lurid rays
Of yonder setting sun his face displays,
Rigid with terror, and in vain he craves
To turn his footsteps from the open graves.
And see, advancing with his train, a king,
A Death with flag and trumpet following !
Death whispers in his ear, " Thy earthly crown,
With pomp and pageant, thou must now lay down ;"
See how the courtiers tremble with affright,
Fain would they leave their prince, if leave they might,
But they once more must follow in procession
Him for whose steps is no more retrogression !
And see, Death leads a merchant, and behold !
A miser comes clutching his bag of gold ;
His toil through life hath been that gold to save,
Yet Death shall rob him of it at the grave.
But yet once more look on that grim array,
For Death guides one whose face and mien are gay,
And who, though cumber'd with a heavy load,
Outstrips his guide upon the gloomy road ;—
It is a beggar, one who leaves behind
A cold, harsh world ; beyond the grave to find
Some rest from labours, and of griefs the end
He surely hopes, and Death as his best friend

He looks to, nor would change his present lot
For all that Pope, or King, or Lord hath got :
They had their pleasures while they walk'd the earth,
He had his ills, his sorrows, and his dearth
Of all things good ; now they their pleasures leave,
While he by Death hopes pleasures to receive.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

GAZING, gazing from the casement out into the murky
night,

Far away I hear the voice of seaward-wending rills ;
At that sound to times far distant do my wayward
thoughts take flight,

And a strange, impetuous longing all my weary spirit
fills.

For I long to hurl me, trustful, 'neath the seething,
seething spray,

Trusting to the waters' guiding to be cast on freedom's
strand ;

All heartless bonds of modern life I long to cast away,
And hail as brothers all I meet on the shores of some
better land.

For time is ever fleeting, and this world grows very old,
And the sweet bonds of Brotherhood have pass'd
from human ken ;
And as the world grows older, the hearts of men wax
cold,
The Earth was fresh and young once, men are not as
they were then.

Not now upon the wings of pure devotion soaring
Do the rich and noble throng the solemn, shadowy
aisle ;
They have a golden god set up on high, and it adoring,
Their brothers poor and low of heart are perishing
the while.

Who to some proud usurper of the free old English land
Trace through streams of blood and tears their lordly,
lordly line ;
Who piles of gold have heap'd, unnumber'd as the sand,
Wrung from their brothers' sweat in town, or field, or
mart, or mine.

These, and such as these, pass on in pride upon life's
way,
Stepping on the prostrate bodies of the God-belov'd
and poor ;



Vessels fashion'd unto honour thinking scorn of kindred
clay,
But the cry unheard on earth aye enters in at Heaven's
door.*

Such thoughts as these inspiring me, as I gazed into the
night,
Listening to the voices of the seaward-wending rills,
Sudden I beheld the dawn approach with line of light
Brighter and brighter growing behind the Eastern
hills.

And my heart gain'd comfort, though I knew it might
not be,
That I were borne to better shores on the down-
flowing river,
For, looking onward far, my soul gain'd power to see
By the light of revelation the poor at peace for ever.

Each meek one and lowly-hearted, who, in the dust cast
down,
Lived and labour'd humbly in this weary world below,
I seem'd to see in triumph, crown'd with a golden crown,
And robed in glistening vestments, white as the driven
snow.

* James v. 4.

THE HOLLY.

WHEN the snow's on the ground, and the rime's on the
trees,

And the red robin sings as he rocks in the breeze,
There is nought can compare with the green Holly Tree,
Oh ! the Holly, the Holly, the Holly for me.

Let Germans boast loud of their glorious Rhine,
With its forests of oak and its vineyards of wine,
I'll allow them their boasting ; but when all is said,
They have nought like our Holly with berries so red.

Let Italians from Naples of orange-groves tell,
And of pines that grow down to the blue ocean swell,
I'll allow them to talk ; but Italians have seen
No tree to compare with our Holly Tree green.

Let the Greeks crack of olives which grow on the plain
Where Cephissus rolls down to the blue-flashing main ;

Let Arabians boast of the feathery palm ;
They have not seen the Holly, so where is the harm ?

When the fire-light is gleaming in cottage and hall,
And when peace and good-will are assured to us all,
The Holly's bright berries add light to the scene,
So long life to the Holly, our own Evergreen !

ELLINGHAM MILLS.*

I LOVED to lay me on the ground at will,
Beside the river on the wind-waved grass,
And, listening to the murmurs of the mill,
To watch the liberated waters pass ;
I loved to hear the seething of the stream
Forth-leaping, with monotony of change,
To mark the waggons from the upland grange
Whose gables from their poplar-covert gleam ;
I loved the meads below the dusty mill,
The sweet, fresh air upon the eddying pool ;
I loved the water-lily leaves that fill
The shallows underneath the willows cool ;
I loved the ripples, and the waters' play,
And all the life-stir of the hot mid-day.

* See Note 4, at end.



I loved the swallow that beneath the bridge
Beside the over-shot her brood did lay ;
I loved the pigeons on the mill-barn's ridge,
That sunn'd themselves and coo'd the livelong day ;
I loved the deep dark reach, where poisoning lies
The greeny tyrant of the finny race ;
I loved the spiny perch of dazzling dyes,
And all the frolic shoals of roach and dace ;
I loved the honest smell of country meal ;
I loved the bright face of the miller's boy,
Envied the blithe contentment he must feel
To sing a song so full of careless joy.
Alas ! these sounds, these sights by Waveney's streams
Are mine no more, save in my soul's day-dreams.

E L Y.

A WIDE, wide plain of wind-waved meadow grass,
Broad fields of silvery beans and yellowing corn,
A river creeping 'neath the summer sun,
Fleck'd with slow wherries with huge, tawny sails,
And fringed with poplars and green willow trees,
Above, the arch of heaven supremely great :
One hill alone in sight, girdled with orchards,
And wearing round its crest a coronal
Of mean brick dwellings, but from out of these
Rises the vast Cathedral ;—in mid air
Its towers and cross and pinnacles gleam bright.—
Thus on its mount the grey old Mother-church,
Over the wide fen-country, like a queen,
Sitteth supreme, beheld by all the plain.

GOOD IN EVIL.

In thorny thickets blow the sweetest roses,
Lilies in dark woods droop their snow-white bells,
The yellow primrose 'neath the briar reposes,
The purest water springs from deepest wells.

From common clay are form'd the fairest vessels,
The diamond glistens in the darksome mine,
The golden wren in his snug dwelling nestles,
Slung from the branches of the gloomy pine.

The flame-tipt seaweeds wave their trembling tresses
In the deep ocean-caves by man unseen,
And rocks all black the spiry sea-fern dresses
With living tufts of never-fading green.

And so, from out the gloom and smoke of cities
Deeds of deep love and meek endurance shine,
In squalid lanes beats warm the heart that pities,
And souls that hunger after things divine.



In stifling courts the steadfast love of woman
Maketh oftentimes the house of toil gleam bright,
And princely hearts which beat 'neath garments common,
In midst of wrong, are sway'd by truth and right.

Not men of high degree alone in story
In human hearts and histories are enshrined ;
The poor and humble have their meed of glory,
Some wreaths of laurel poor men's temples bind.

A CHANGED LOVE.

It was in wild, and weird, and windy weather
That we first met, and yet a nameless calm
Wrapt into one our charmèd souls together,
And sweeten'd all with sweet delirious balm.

We clung, warm words with warmer kisses mingling,
In those mad moments two full lives seem'd run ;
Clasp'd hands, clasp'd hearts left all our senses tingling
In triumph of winning and of being won.

It is in calm, and soft, and sunny weather
That we have parted ; yet my salt tears rain,—
Love's flowers I cropp'd as far as ran my tether,
To crop fresh flowers I dare not strive again.

In that warm net of wreathing arms entwined,
Could I have deem'd that I should not believe thee?—
My heart *on* thy heart, *in* thy heart divined
That thou, first-loved and best, would e'er deceive me?

Unchanging I, changed thou, and changed the weather :
Warm are the languors of the summer night ;
No longer our rapt souls are knit together,
Quench'd in *thy* soul, alas ! Love's rosy light.

Quench'd in *thy* soul ! yet once I deem'd thee loving !—
I, who loved once, must love for evermore ;
The pale, unsated fires of passion proving
The blazing heat of that I felt before.

FROM THE EDDA.*

EASTWARD of the god-built Midgard,
Eastward of the wood of iron,
Sits the hag, the dam of monsters
Who are all of mighty stature,
And like savage wolves are fashion'd,
Fashion'd like their father Fenrir.
One of these, Skoll he is namèd,
Makes the sun to flee before him.
Sol, she fears to be devourèd,
Therefore does she flee before him ;
If she stopt, then fell destruction
Would be hers ; and so before him
Does she flee in haste for ever :
And the wolf-man, Skoll the giant,
Hath a brother namèd Hati,

* See Note 5, at end.

Who, before Sol's brightness rushing,
Drives the moon along the space-realms.
Mani fears to be devourèd,
Therefore does he flee from Hati.
But Wolf Managarm the mighty,
Of his fearful race most fearful,
He with blood of men full-gorgèd,
Life-blood of the sons of heroes,
He in time the moon shall swallow ;
And the earth and all the heaven
Shall with bloody stains be crimson'd.
Then the sun's light dim and dimmer
Shall become ; and hither, thither
Shall the winds in wailing tumult
Howl because the day is darken'd.
Thus shall Managarm the mighty,
Foaming out the crimson life-blood
Of the dead and of the dying,
Be at last the moon's devourer :
Thus the summer shall be darken'd,
And the sun forego her shining,
And the winds upraise their wailing.

TO A FRIEND.

STRANGE it may seem, that though my heart is yearning
For love and grief that I must part from thee—
That I, when I would wish my words were burning,
Should such a shallow-worded trifter be
In this last hour, when we may ne'er again
Meet in this world ; but thus it ever is ;
Light laughter covers deepest sympathies,
And outward smiles o'ermask the soul's deep pain.
Ah ! why is this ? Why, in the darkest hour
Of dread suspense, does trifling with a flower,
Or bird, or pebble, or some smaller thing,
To hearts that love like ours convey relief ?
Why is it sweeter to conceal our grief,
And act with anxious care the jester's part,
And tinsel o'er the almost breaking heart ?
Is it to set the world a-wondering

At our indifference or our fortitude?
Ah no ! but this world's gaze is all too rude
Upon such love as our love to intrude ;
And so before the gazing, carping crowd
O'er our fond hearts we throw a blinding shroud,
And let the world deceive itself at will,
 And let the worldlings judge us as they may,
For while our spirits Love's enchantments fill,
 Each to the other must the truth display.

THE SEA AT NIGHT.

I WALK upon the silver sand,
Beside the solemn sea,
And lo! a quiet and holy calm
Comes stealing over me.

And the far-off waters, breaking
Upon the silver strand,
Seem like a falling echo
Of the sea-surge nigh at hand.

And the fleecy clouds keep passing
Across the starry sky,
Like soft-wing'd birds of passage
Which Southwards ever fly.

One headland in the distance,
Enshrined in silver haze,
Casts its dark shadow forwards
Athwart the moon's bright rays;

Those rays which on the heaving bay
Quiver with paly light,
As though the ocean's lower depths
Were fill'd with beings bright.

But ah ! why not ? what man can tell
That air and earth and sea
Are not full-fill'd with Angel-hosts,
And Spirits bright and free ?

THE DROWNED MAIDEN.

BENEATH a sea-worn rock I found a cave,
The quiet home of many a weary wave ;
High arch'd the beetling mountain overhead,
Which the clear emerald waters mirrorèd,
And deep within the cave was the clear sea's bright bed.
Oh ! 'twas exceeding lovely to behold ;
Weeds grew therein of green and red and gold ;
And with the plashing swell of ocean
Their branches waved and waved with trembling motion.
Hither and thither they sway'd, in turn concealing
Deep bowls of living rock, and them revealing ;—
Deep bowls of rock set thick with many a shell,
Gleaming like lamps down in the deep sea swell,
While all among the shells most glorious grew
The star anemones of scarlet hue.

Entranced, I linger'd long beside the rocky pool,
Catching the smooth sea cadence till my heart was full,
When, gazing downwards in the depths below,
I saw a form so white, it seem'd a form of snow ;
And then again the seaweeds closed it round
In shroud of green, with gold and crimson bound.
Long, long I linger'd, full at heart of wonder
What thing so white lay in the depths below ;
Long, long I linger'd that the weeds might sunder,
That waved and waved for ever to and fro.
Long, long I linger'd,—then the seaweeds sway'd,
Moved by the surge ; oh ! sad the sight now given :
Behind the tremulous veil, a moment riven,
Lay, nude, and white, and fair, a drownèd maid.
Her golden hair waved in the ocean swell ;
Clasp'd her white feet by many an amorous
weed ;
The splash of waves had been her funeral knell ;—
Hers was a sad and lonely death indeed !
Oh, grief ! oh, grief ! that one so young and fair,
So loving and so lovely, should lie there !
Oh, grief ! oh, grief ! for him who loved her as his soul,
That o'er her young bright face the salt sea-surge
should roll !—
Thus grieved was I in spirit, when the sea
Moved her white hand, a farewell sign to me,



And then the amorous weeds, 'neath which her fair
form lay,
Clasp'd eagerly again around their lovely prey ;
And though I stay'd till evening died in the arms of
night,
That maiden's fair form ne'er again was holden to my
sight.

THE FORMAL GARDEN.

IN a close low-hill-girt midland valley,
 Pass'd I through a pleasure-garden trim ;
Here a blank-faced statue, there an alley
 Of close-shaven yew-trees dank and dim.

Here a dial with a pompous motto,
 There a fountain squirting in a tank,
Here a colour'd glass and shell-deck'd grotto,
 There a formal walk on terrace bank.

Here a wide-cut and pretentious vista,
 Ending in a temple of cement,
With an avenue, its own twin-sister,
 Where a Dutchman's heart would rest content.

Are those fish alive, or imitations,
 Which in yonder semicircle swim ?
Made by hand those formal pine plantations,
 Out of pasteboard, to his lordship's whim ?



Well, indeed, my lord, you've banished Nature,
Nobly over her with shears you reign !
If she does but show one single feature,
Clip ! it vanishes from your domain.

Well, indeed, my lord, you have succeeded,
Well you've squared your garden to your mind,
For all know that from your mind is weeded
Everything that Nature had design'd.

OXFORD REVISITED.

I.

THE COLLEGE.

I ENTER at the old familiar gate,
I dine within the old familiar hall,
I stand before the well-known, ample grate,
I hear the bustling scouts' familiar call,
And all the merry laughter, and the hum
Of student-converse ; but to me 'tis gall
And bitterness, for voices now are dumb
Which most of all it joy'd my heart to hear
In those swift-passing, reckless College-days
Which unto me a bright oasis were,
A sunlit spot within a cirque of haze :
Voices are hush'd, and hands that clasp'd my own
Are stiff and cold, and eyes that brightly shone
Are dimm'd in death, and my changed life is drear.

II.

THE MEADOWS.

As of old time, I see the stream dividing
The meadows gemm'd with fritillary flowers ;
As of old time, on Isis slowly gliding,
I see the students passing listless hours ;
I see the sun behind the Cumnor hills
Sink down in purple clouds, and on the towers
Cast lights resplendent, and on Cherwell's rills ;—
But a deep sadness all my spirit fills,
For they amidst these scenes no more are found
With whom I pass'd my life's most happy hours,
And unto whom my soul was closest bound.
Brave hearts and tender ! true and steadfast wills !
Where are they now ? Scatter'd upon the shore
Of life's wide sea ; I may not see them more.

ACROSS THE ISIS.

The fresh West wind upon the Hurst is blowing
Across the Berkshire plains, as from the sea ;
At Bablock Hythe the river-streams are flowing
Down from the Western hill-swathes crystallly.
In Wytham woods the hyacinth's azure bells
And quaint herb-Paris blossom as of yore,

And to the student-haunted Hinksey dells
 Is borne the sacred city's distant roar
 In muffled cadence ; yet for me no more
 From out my heart a stream of gladness wells.
 Ah ! not so now ; my heart is as a stone ;
 My friends have pass'd away, I stand alone ;—
 Nature may soothe, but may not fill with gladness
 A heart like mine, bow'd down with heavy sadness.

IV.

THE BELLS.

Ring on, ye bells, the heavy silence break ;
 Ring on, ye bells, with your familiar voices :
 No more with gladness to my heart ye speak,
 No more in hearkening my rapt soul rejoices.
 Ring on, ye bells ; may some friend's heart beat high,
 And gladden at the triumph of a friend ;
 Ring on, and to the expectant city send
 Tidings of hard and well-earned victory.
 Ring on ; but now the names of those who strive
 In Academic contest unto me
 Are all unknown ; yet happy memories live
 Within my heart of those for whom of old
 Ye peal'd your notes triumphant, and I see
 Their forms arise who in the grave are held.

OH, THE SOLEMN MUSIC !

Oh, the solemn Music ! oh, the solemn Music !
That filleth all this world of ours in earth, and sea, and
sky ;

Oh, the solemn Music ! oh, the happy Music !
That lifts the weary hearts of men from earth to Heaven
on high.

Oh, the solemn Music ! oh, the solemn Music !
The ever-wailing voices of the melancholy breeze ;
Oh, the solemn Music ! oh, the soothing Music !
That sighs throughout the gusty night amongst the old
pine-trees.

Oh, the solemn Music ! oh, the solemn Music !
The voice of the great ocean, so soothing, yet so strong ;
Oh, the solemn Music ! oh, the joyful Music !
The plashing river's cadence and the bubbling runnel's
song.



Oh, the solemn Music! oh, the happy Music!
The memory of the soft sweet voice of loved ones gone
before ;

Oh, the solemn Music! oh, the happy Music!
All sounds that haply call to mind the long-pass'd days
of yore.

Oh, the solemn Music! oh, the joyful Music!
That with some pure ones and holy rings for ever in the
ear ;

Oh, the solemn Music! oh, the glorious Music!
That white-robed ones before the Throne for evermore
shall hear.

PAX VOBISCUM.

Will weary winds not ever stay their moaning?

Will raging waves from roaring never cease?

Will world-worn men not ever cease from groaning?

Will weary mortals never be at peace?

Peace, heart unquiet! the storms shall drop to breezes,

The rippling waves shall kiss the sunlit shore;

Men shall find rest when the Great Father pleases,

In the deep Peace of the Forevermore.

THE CHURCHYARD BY THE SEA.

A BALLAD OF ARNSTRAND.*

I LOVE all country Churchyards, but I most
Love country Churchyards that are near the sea,
And one of these hard by the Eastern coast
Is of more interest than all to me ;
And oft, though far away, I long to pass
Another hour amidst its mounds of grass.

From out its midst, a mark to ships at sea,
Rises the old grey Church, with stately tower,
And ruined chancel, with an elder-tree
Clasping its roof-cross in fantastic bower ;
And in the Church, and out among the graves,
You always hear the music of the waves.

* See Note 6, at end.

And oft I've heard the vicar's sermon drown'd
By the deep voices of the wind and water—
Drown'd too the quire, by their long-rolling sound,
And drown'd the sweet voice of the vicar's daughter,
To whom, albeit she was frail and young,
For help and love her old grey father clung.

And oft on summer afternoons I've seen
A school-boy nudge another lad to listen
To the hush'd murmurs of the sea waves green,
And then I've seen their eyes begin to glisten,
As longing for the time when they were free
To drop the cliff and plunge into the sea.

And passing, passing solemn was it there,
When all the men and lads were at the deep
Sea fishing, as we knelt in humble prayer,
To hear the wild winds round the ruin sweep;
We felt God's Presence nearer for the same,
More earnest pray'd that He their wrath would tame.

And solemn was it, after service-time,
To see the tombs of those who had been drown'd—
Sires, brothers, friends,—to mark the rustic rhyme,
And all the village art that there was found,—
The boats inverted on the headstones graven,
That told of barks that never reach'd a haven.

And oft to scan the tombs I used to stay
When all the congregation had departed,
Save that an aged widow there would stray,
And one poor maiden who was broken-hearted.
Alas! both hearts were broke of those that stay'd
Amidst the graves—the mother and the maid.

But one inscription graven, more than all
Of those within that sea-bord Churchyard's bound,
Fill'd me with interest,—this I now recall:

*“Here lies an unknown stranger who was drown'd.
Reader who tread'st near him who lies beneath,
Know that in midst of life thou art in death.”*

And *who* he was lay there was known to none,
And *whence* he came it was a mystery,
Only, at eventide, when work was done,
The village crones would tell the history
Of the dead stranger's finding, and to thee
I'll tell the tale as it was told to me.

The storm was over, but the free waves still
Roll'd in high ridges on the surf-beat shore,
Nor yet was tamed their storm-incited will,
What though the warm, bright sun shone out once more,
What though the sky once more was clear and blue,
And over it a few white cloud-drifts flew.

The storm was over, but the line of beach
With many a piece of many a wreck was strown,
And wandering wide upon the sandy reach
Went crowds who sought the sea-waifs as their own ;
The men were there, and women, girls, and boys,
Laughing and chatting with a merry noise.

But soon a cry burst from that busy crowd,
And scatter'd parties gather'd into one ;
And hush'd at once was all their laughter loud,
A cloud of grief has pass'd across their sun,
For close before them, pillow'd on the sand,
A sailor-lad lay dead upon the strand.

Yes, there he lay ; late-dead, and very still—
His blue eyes all unclosed, his long brown hair,
On his broad shoulders falling down at will,
Stirr'd free and fitful in the briny air ;
His was a form to win the warmest love,
But ah ! his true brave soul had soar'd above.

They raised his body, and did it convey
To a poor widow's cot which stood hard by,
And placed it on the bed where once did lay
Her only son, who 'midst the waves did die ;
And she, the widow, on her knees did fall
To fit the dead boy's corpse for burial.



That day she laid the beauteous body out,
The corpse of him in his bright youth's-prime drown'd,
Amidst the stormy ocean's roar and rout,
And on the dead lad's bosom cold she found
A leathern pouch, and safe enfolded there
Lay a long braid of waving woman's hair ;

And over it, in school-boy writing traced,
Was this inscription—"MARY'S;" that was all
That e'er was known of one so amply graced
As he who thus held one fond heart in thrall—
As he whose true love's parting gift went down
With him amidst the waves that him did drown.

Again the long dark braid by careful hands
Was laid, with tears, upon the dead boy's breast,
And then both old and young in willing bands
Follow'd his corpse to its last place of rest,
And the dread ocean raised his voice with them
To lift a deep, sad-sounding Requiem.

THE HURRICANE.

IN THE TROPICS.

Oh, golden hour! oh, golden hour,
Lying together 'neath the palms!
How rich was I with priceless dower
When thou wast given to my arms!

Oh, golden hour! oh, golden hour!
Our joy was all too deep for words,
We sat enfolded hand in hand,
And watch'd the gleaming humming-birds.

We sat and watch'd till set of sun,
Soul link'd with soul as hand with hand,
And scarcely knew when day was done,
And night had fallen on the land.

Oh, silver hour! oh, silver hour!
The pale moon mounted up the sky,
No breeze to bow the lowliest flower,
And all alone sat thou and I.

Oh! there was joy that we had met,
A joy unspoken in each heart,
With which was mingled soft regret
Only that we too soon must part.

We gazed upon the silver moon
Reflected on the silver sea;
Alas! I little dream'd how soon
My life in thine would fail from me.

Oh, leaden hour! oh, leaden hour!
The silver light began to wane,
The winds of God were loosed in power,
Down came the awful Hurricane.

A roar, a rush, a shriek of pain,
And then a dying, deaden'd groan;
A fire-dart cleft the blinding rain—
Was quench'd,—but I was left alone.

THE BURN IN THE SUMMER NIGHT.

BRIGHT moonlight brightly shining,
 Glanced on the pebbly Burn,
With every eddy dancing,
 Dancing at every turn ;
Erelong the Burn was singing
 As it rippled on the strand,
A happy story bringing
 From the sleeping upper-land.
It sang of marshes where at night
 Long strings of wild-fowl pass,
Where the summer wind sighs 'midst the nodding tufts
 Of the fleecy cotton-grass ;
 And where through mosses deep
 Its own young self doth creep,
 Living, yet half asleep.
And of deep woods it sang,
 Where, at the summer noon,

No sun-light cometh, nor at night
The shimmer of the moon ;—
But silence, silence, silence
Broodeth by night and day,
Save when a cushat cooeth
On the tall pine's topmost spray,
Rocking and rocking to and fro
On winds that may not breathe below.
And of wide heaths it told
Long, rolling swathes of purple heather,
Whence, from furze-coverts, flakes of gold
Are blown about in windy weather,
And where the curlews, wheeling in the sky,
Utter their wild and weird and plaintive cry.
It told of rustic bridges, too,
Where lingering lovers lean ;
Two twining figures blent in one,
As in a mirror seen.
And of quiet hamlets sang the Burn—
Hamlets that rise beside the brink
Of pebbly shallows, where, at eve,
The homeward cattle stop to drink ;—
Of dusty mills, where ever and aye
The merry mill-wheels whirl,
And of the jolly miller's boy
Who loves the milking girl,—



That blue-eyed, brown-lock'd, rosy lass,
Who morn and eve the mill must pass,
To milk the kine i' the dewy grass.
Such tales as these the Burn was telling,
Telling to the silent night,
Rising, falling, sinking, swelling,
Dark waves breaking into light ;
Such song as this the Burn was singing,
As it rippled on the sand ;
A happy, peaceful story bringing
From the sleeping upper-land ;—
And, tranced, I heard its quiet refrain
Again repeated, and again.

LITTLE JIM.

LITTLE Jim lies with the dead,
Cold earth on his golden head ;—
Do not weep,
Let him sleep
Peaceful in his narrow bed.

Only a small ragged boy,
Yet he was our light and joy ;—
It is best
He should rest
Where no cares can him annoy.

Who like him, so wise or witty,
Sang an olden hymn or ditty?
He shall stand,
Harp in hand,
Singing in the Golden City.

Now our life and light are dim ;
Nought had we on earth like him ;
 Yet above,
 God is Love,
And He loves our little Jim.

THE COCK AND THE DUCK.

NONSENSE BALLAD.

THE Cock fell in love with an Aylesbury Duck,—
Yellow legs, silver back, yellow bill,—
Said he, "Lovely creature, come out of the muck,
And let's live on the top of the hill."

Said the Duck, "Not for worlds I'd leave you in the
lurch,
But it's right I should say I prefer
A fowl with smooth legs, for it's awkward at perch
To sleep next a bird with a spur."

Said the Cock to the Duck, "I am greatly in luck,
And I'll go to my friend, Doctor Owl,
He's physician at Court, and he'll cut my spurs short,
And so make me a weddable fowl."

In an hour he came back, and the Duck said, "Quack,
Has the Doctor deprived you of spurs?" [quack !
"Cock-a-doodle ! it's true, and he did it for you,
Sweetest Duck, though he'd many demurs."

To the Cock said the Duck, "Your legs under you tuck,
And sit on the top of the pond ;
I *like* you since now you resemble a duck,
But when you can swim I'll grow *fond*."

Said the Cock, "Dearest Duckie, I'm rather afraid,
For I haven't got webs to my feet ;
It isn't my fault, for I am as I'm made ;
But here goes for the sake of my sweet."

So the Cock tuck'd his legs to his stomach so tight,
And flew in with a shudder and shake ;
While the Duck, whom he'd foolishly thought was "all
right,"
Swam away with an Aylesbury Drake.

MORAL.

Now the moral is this : if to wed you're inclined,
Be sure you first see you're well match'd ;
And never, whatever you've got in your mind,
Count your chickens before they are hatch'd.

OUR LAD BILL.

OUR poor lad Bill is dead,
Blessings on his dear head ;
God's Angels make his bed
Somewhere up yonder.

Only a quick-writ line—
*"Your lad Bill died at nine,
And, please God, we're g'wine
Bury he to-morrow.*

*"Just at the tarn o' tide
Our merry comrade died ;
He squeegee'd my hand and sighed,
'Write and tell father !'"*

OUR LAD BILL.

So, ere he died at sea,
Our Bill remember'd me ;
No son so dear as he,
 Youngest of seven.

Now I am sick and old,
And my poor heart is cold ;—
Lord, take me to Thy fold
 With Bill, up yonder.

THE WORD UNSPOKEN.

A word, and all had been explain'd ;
A word, two hearts had not been broken ;
One word had warm'd the coldness feign'd,
But ah ! that word was never spoken.

Doubtless our souls within us yearn'd
To tell the secret of our yearning ;
Doubtless our souls within us burn'd
To tell what thoughts were inly burning.

And yet we spake not when we might,
And when we would, it was denied ;
And now, hid from each other's sight,
One lingers here, and one has died.

One lingers here upon the earth,
Alas, for grief ! with faded bloom ;
The other, once so full of mirth,
Lies silent in the silent tomb.

Oh ! loving hearts that long'd for love,
Nor found it in this weary life !
Oh, weary souls ! can Heaven above
Give rest from earthly cares and strife ?

Yes, in the cold and narrow bed,
That lies beneath the grassy sod,
And in the quiet seats of the dead,
In Christ, tired souls find rest with God.

FRIENDSHIP INTERRUPTED BY DEATH.

WE met, and then we parted—*I* to roam
Onward upon the earth; *thou* to thy home:
We met as those who, on a desert track,
Meet and pass onwards, oftentimes looking back;
As ships which on the wastes of oceans meet,
Each from the far horizon, and which greet,
And then pass on with mingling tracks of foam—
One, 'mid the boiling waves; the *other*, home.

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE,

AT S. ANDREW'S HALL, NORWICH.

A CROWD tumultuous as the heaving sea
Fill'd all the ancient hall; I mark'd their faces
Upturn'd, and eager as from hope deferr'd:
Then, suddenly, a girl before them all
Stood up, array'd in simple dress of purple,
With her fair tresses wreathed back from her face.
Stood she a moment rapt, and motionless,
With eyes to Heaven raised, as seeking strength;
And then her thin lips parted, and a sound,
Solemn and thrilling, rang through all the hall—
Solemn and thrilling, yet exceeding sweet,
Rising and falling like the fitful wind,
And bearing all before it in its course.

Hearing, the crowd, as rapt and motionless
As she had been, remain'd, and scarcely dared



To move or breathe, fearing to break the spell
That lay upon them, or to lose one note
Of that most wondrous voice, which still rang on,
Rising and falling, till, by slow degrees,
Like some soft breeze, it died and died away
In cadence imperceptible to all.

Then, for a moment's space, a silence deep
Held sway amongst the crowd ; it was as if
An angel-harper had pass'd through the hall,
Sweeping his golden harp-chords as he flew ;—
So was the silence ; then, with one accord,
The multitude tumultuously arose,
Heaving with deep emotion, and with joy
Mingled with wonder, and gave forth a shout
Which echoed round the fretted roof above,
And stay'd the passers in the street without.

And she, the wonder-working songstress, smiled,
And gently bow'd herself, and so retired,
Simple and unaffected, as she came.

ASPIRATION.

I AM a-weary of ignoble rest,
Let me fare forth upon the free earth's breast,
Mix with my brothers as they come and go,
And watch the world-tides as they ebb and flow;

I am a-weary, let me go.

I am a-weary of "the trivial round"
Of daily nothingness and hollow sound ;
I am a-weary, let me to the strife,
For idleness is death, and work is life !
Alas ! my foes are of my house and home ;
They bid me stay, when I should rather roam :—
Let me be up and doing,—'tis not rest

Always to dally 'mid the summer flowers ;
Let me be up and doing,—'tis not best

Always to dream away the summer hours.
When the young heart fares forth, why call it back ?
Why tell of dangers on its onward track ?

Is there no risk for those who never roam?
Finds not the devil work for idle hands at home?
Better the whistling winds amongst the ships,
Than the soft wooings of Circean lips;
Better the flashing foam and windy sky,
Than the soft sleep of "Epicurus' sty:"
Why call the young heart back, ah! why?
In rain of bullets and in flaming skies
There is less danger than in wanton eyes,
And swords keen-pointed deal less deadly wounds
Than languid lutes and tinkling cymbals' sounds.—
Let me break through these trammels of my ease,
And wing my way across the flashing seas.

WAVENEY'S STREAMS.

I've been where, huge, the Mississippi flowing,
Sweeps past New Orleans to the Tropic seas,
Its banks in spring with flaming leaflets glowing,
Or lined with forests of white-moss-draped trees.

I've heard the portent of Niagara's thunder
Boom in the silence of the frosty night ;
Watch'd the huge ice-blocks leap the Falls, in wonder
Mingled with reverence and strange delight.

I've voyaged where Nile expands his mystic waters
'Neath pyramid, and obelisk, and palm—
Where the veil'd forms of Mus'r's dusky daughters
Move in clear air which breathes delicious balm.

I've sat 'neath ancient olives near the Ilissus, [flame,
And watch'd the Olympian columns touch'd with
And wander'd through the vineyards of Cephissus,
Colonus' grove,—a shrine that knows no shame.

I've sail'd upon the sluggish Demerara,
Betwixt lush plains of tufted sugar-cane ;
I've mourn'd a dry fount in the wide Sahara,
Pathless and awful as the trackless main.

I've traced the stream of Jordan's sacred river,
Where He Who made him was baptized by man,—
Memorial of Love Divine for ever,
And predetermined ere the world began.

I've gazed where Tiber rolls through Roman ruins,
Past Hadrian's Bridge and Hadrian's nobler Tomb,
Mute witness of the Ages' evil doings
Which through the mists of woful centuries loom.

I've seen the young Rhone leaping forth in glory
From azure caves where pendent frost-drops glance,
Or laving noble cities, old in story,
In the rich vales of sunny Southern France.

I've known the Rhine, that grand, historic river,
Pride of the staunch Germanic Fatherland,
Of corn and wine the ever-bounteous giver
To out-world towns which stud its fertile strand.

And I've known and loved the classic Isis,
And oft, arm-link'd with friends, I've walked thereby,
Or staid 'neath Academic Paradises,
Hence of our England's noblest chivalry.

And Isis grown to be the Thames so lordly,
I've sought by day, and brooded o'er by night,
Where commerce-laden, its grand stream so broadly
Lives regal London in her peerless might.

Yet, though I've view'd these scenes in far-off places,
I find I ever homeward come in dreams,
Wherein 'tis sweet to see familiar faces,
And the quiet meadows by fair Waveney's streams.

RE M I N D E R S.

TWITTERING swallows to their mates replying
 Under cottage eaves at dawn of summer day,
Scent of faded leaves in autumn copses lying,
 Lit, like dying embers, by the low sun's lurid ray ;

Bells that at midnight, or 'neath the bright sun's shining,
 Tell their sweet old tales of mingled weal and woe ;—
These touch our world-worn hearts, and, grosser thoughts
 refining,
 Carry back our memories to the deeds of long ago ;

Sound of deep organs from grey churches flinging
 Surges of music out on the breezy night,
Voices angelic of white-robed choir-boys singing
 Dirges for white souls from earth's mists taken flight ;

Scraps of old ballads caroll'd by a passing peasant,
Heard in fitful cadences in woods or on the shore ;—
These, and such as these, which speak not of the living
present,
Carry back our memories to our dear ones gone
before.

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ONLY A FACE SEEN IN A CROWD.

ONLY a face, once seen, long time ago,
Yet still that face, unfading, haunts me yet !
Only a voice, once heard, in accents low,
Yet still its thrilling tones I ne'er forget !

Only a face, seen in a passing crowd,—
So pale, yet lit by such a heavenly smile !
Only a voice amidst the tumult loud,
So passing sweet, and yet so sad the while !

Beneath dark lashes, eyes of violet,
Waves of brown hair let fall o'er shoulders wide,
Red lips in face of manliest beauty set,
Face full of love, yet full of noble pride.

I loved when first I saw thee, and I knew
That transient glance had link'd my fate with thine ;

And I had firm persuasion that I grew
Into thy heart, as thou grew'st into mine.

Long have I sought thee since,—yet sought in vain,—
And I will seek thee even to the end,
Hopeful, and undeterr'd by toil and pain,
Till I have won thee as a bosom friend.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

THE fog-wrapt sun lies low and red,
The marish airs of eve grow cool,
The falling leaflets find their bed
Upon the sadly-silent pool.

All nature speaks of slow decay,
And I with nature feel at one;—
Since friends like leaves have dropt away,
I half could wish my course were run.

One gleam of light upon the sea,
That widens as it nears the shore!—
So golden Hope draws nigh to me,
Who deem'd hope fled for evermore.

I look beyond the earth's dim haze,
I look beyond the setting sun,
And, cheer'd by Hope's all-glorious rays,
I learn to cry, “*Thy will be done!*”

CAPTAIN AND SQUIRE.

“DEAD in the midst of the battle! Tell me, how did he die?”—

“Bringing a wounded brother back in front of the enemy,—

Only a private soldier, born on his father's estate,
Yet all the same a Brother, though Brotherhood's out
o' date!

“Didn't he tell the old mother, the last time he went home on leave,

‘I'll be friend to Tom, so, mother, your heart need not grieve;

Don't I know why he enlisted?—'twas because he loved his young Squire;

You'll have a hero in Tom, mother, if ever he comes under fire!’

“Writing back from the war, to the noble old home that
he had,

Didn't he say, ‘Tell his mother her Tom is an excellent
lad,—

Always sticks to his duty,—stripes on his arm already,—
Tom will come back a Full Sergeant, for he is both
brave and steady!’

“Into the hell of the fight together rode Tom and the
Squire,

Fought like two lions, side by side, till the trumpet-note
sounded, ‘Retire!’

Out of the hell rode the two, and the shots fell around
them like rain,

And a shot struck Tom in the side, and he fell on the
blood-sprinkled plain.

“Above him a tempest of flame, behind him the on-
sweeping foe,

Tom thought of his old cottage-home, and his youth,
and his old mother's woe,

And he thought of his sins, and he pray'd, ‘Lord,
forgive a poor soldier, and save

My mother, and comrades, and captain, when I'm lying
cold in the grave.’

“ Out from the English ranks, alone, rode the Captain
and Squire,

Roaring of cannon in front, and the rattling of musketry
fire,—

Tom feels a kind hand on his shoulder, hears a kind
voice in his ear,

‘ Steady, lad, steady, I swore I’d befriend you, and so I
am here.

“ ‘ There, lad, mount up on my saddle, I tell you I will
have it so ;

Were we not brought up together by Weatherby Church,
as you know ?

No—no thanks—we are Brothers, please God, I will yet
pull you through,

And doubt not an officer’s word nor a countryman’s
heart if I do.’

“ Back to the English ranks, alone, rides Tom through
the fire,

Dead on the field, glory-crown’d, lies the corpse of the
Captain and Squire ;

Not a man in our ranks, while he mourns, can fail to be
proud of his fall,—

Tom is at home in his cot,—but there’s weeping in
Weatherby Hall !”

F R E E.

DARK is the night, the hot South wind is blowing,
With riven banks the river sweeps the land ;—
Light is my heart, my pulses inly glowing
With the light touch of thy small, snow-white hand.

Blow, Southern breeze, of my hot heart the token ;
Rush, river ;—tides of love o'er-sweep my soul ;
The barriers of cold reserve are broken,
Love sweeps my life away without control.

'Tis past !—no longer now can'st thou enslave me ;
King will I be, and lord of thee and thine ;
No suppliant, as of old, for what you gave me,
I claim thy life, thy love, thy all as mine.

THE SULTAN'S DREAM.

THOSE dreams again ! How strange it seems that I,
Who lord it o'er three continents, and who
Am next to Allah Himself, can, in my sleep,
Do nothing more to rule my wayward fancies
Than can the basest scullion of my kitchen,
Or one of those mean, diplomatic slaves
Who quarrel for a condescending glance,
And crawling come to crouch before my throne !

Last night I look'd across the Bosphorus,
And lo ! high in the heavens, over where
They say, of old, the Christian Bishops met
In solemn council, blazed a fiery Cross,
And under it a Crescent paled, and paled,
And then sank down into a sea of blood.
What mean these portents ? Are the powers of Heaven
Leagued to contend against me ?—Allah knows !

And then what words were they the Patriarch spake,



That venal Greek of base Fanariote breed,
Who crawl'd and crouch'd, and bribed to be advanced,
And whom, advanced, I deem'd to be my tool,
And yet half-fear'd, and question'd on my dreams?

“I am a man, most mighty Padishah,
And, as a man, your most obedient servant,
Yet can I only speak as God compels me,
The Three in One, Whom all the Christians worship;
And God it is Who speaks to thee, not I;—
Know then the words God speaks—*‘As of old time
A Hand came forth and wrote upon the wall
Of the great Tyrant’s palace these few words,
MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN, so
Like words are writ against thee; also these—
Woe to the bloody House of Othman, for
As cried the blood of Abel from the ground
Against his murderer Cain, so against thee
The blood of martyrs slain in many a land
Cries against thee and thine—thy Muslim slaves
Who blindly serve thee, and that venal crew
Of European hirelings, who for greed
Do, too, thy bidding; also, the shed blood
Of many an innocent of thine own House
Cries too against thee;—not a blasted land
That owns thy blighting sway but curses thee:—
From many a mountain, many a peaceful vale,*

*Curses rise with the stars, and, like the stars,
They are unnumber'd ; beauteous girls and boys,
Torn from their homes of happy innocence,
To lead a life-in-death within these walls,
Call upon God to avenge them ; and the troops
Of mutilated wretches from all climes,
Who guard the minions thou hast bought for gold,
Call upon God to avenge them ;—MENE, MENE,
TEKEL, UPHARSIN—woe be to thy House !' "*

And that old Jew, too,—that base perjurer
Who lords it over that accursèd race
Who slew the Prophet Eisa ; when I call'd him
And spake him fair, and saw his lanky beard
Trail in the dust before me,—what said he ?
“ Master of millions, Lord of the Two Worlds,
Most mighty Sultan, thy poor slave can speak
Only as God permits ; and the Most High,
Whom Angel-hosts for evermore adore,
The Lord of Hosts, the One, the glorious One,
Came to thy servant in his dreams, and spake
These words unto me, which I now repeat :—
' *As of old time the writing on the wall
Spake doom to Belteshazzar, so a doom
Is writ against thy Sultan ; MENE, MENE,
TEKEL, UPHARSIN—woe be to his House,
The bloody House of Othman ;—it is doom'd*

*That all his wide dominions shall be rent
Like parchèd scrolls, and down, and down, and down,
Unto the dust the Crescent power shall fall,
Never to rise.'"* So spake that cursèd Jew,
And grovell'd as I spurn'd him ;—but I feel
Those twain spake truth, and Allah spake by them !
Is Islam doom'd ? How else had those base worms
Ventured to turn against me ?

There again .

I see the Crescent paling, and a Cross
Blazing above it in the star-sown sky !—

Ho ! slaves without ; bring here my green-silk purse
And my sharp dagger from El Sham !—the blade
Or poison shall prevent my seeing the end !

LOVE UNENDING.

WE know not *where* he resteth,—but we know
He lives, and rests, and loves; that his deep love,
Warm'd with the fire of angels from above,
Burns ever brighter with unquenchèd glow.

We cannot see his eyes;—yet we are sure
That they gaze back with earnest, steadfast gaze
From the clear regions, through earth's blinding haze,
Back to the friend whose love was deep and pure.

We cannot hear his voice;—yet to high Heaven,
Where harpers harp before the Eternal Throne,
His voice thrills up, beseeching that his own
First-loved, and best, may to his love be given.

All this we *know*;—for love can *never* die;
Earth-generated, it is yet supernal;
Love is eternal, born of the Eternal,
Deepening for ever through Eternity.



LOVE DIVIDED.

WITH the faint smell of dying leaves in autumn-time,
With the old-familiar scent of the fresh and briny sea,
With the old-familiar tune, and well-known ballad rhyme,
The memory of our deep friendship and sad love
comes back to me.

Solemnly and sadly, from the grave of buried years,
Comes the remembrance of the words we spake each
other long ago—
Of the warm words of rapture, and the raining tears
That did, like dews in summer, on our sad, sweet
friendship flow.

That these lips in hot kisses should have been press'd to
thine,
These eyes for light and life gazed into thine, seems
full of wonder !

That these hands in close embrace should have been
clasped in thine

Seems like a strange, sweet dream, so long we two
have been asunder !

Oh, Love ! but we were happy once, or thought that we
were so ;

Oh, Love ! but we were trustful once, nor then had
mourn'd our trust ; [flow,

But, like a brook in summer-time, our lives did tuneful
Then our deep joy-spring had not dried, nor life's fruit
turn'd to dust.

Oh ! was all our joy delusion ? Oh ! was all our love
a dream ?

Were all our raptures wasted, all our sweet intercourse
a blank ?

Were we as we thought we are, and are we as we seem ?
Must we for aye drink gall, who once from love's
bright goblet drank ?

Strangely and sadly was our laughter mix'd with tears,
Wild woe like an ocean strong our lives did overflow ;
Hours of happiness together,—of sadness, lonesome
years,—

What fruits of our sad youth and trust and love have
we to show ?



I have thy letters, blurr'd with many a bitter tear ;—
Still on my heart lieth that tress of rippled hair ;—
I stole it from thee in the dark pine-wood beyond the
mere,
Where the courting cushats nestled on the larch tops
high in air.

Ah, yes! I have thy letters, but I dread to break the
seal—
Dread to read (as of old time) thy sad, fate-sever'd
vow—
Dread to behold again each faded, love-traced word,—
These things of thine I have : I ask thee, what hast
thou?

Hast thou, as I have, a heart all scarr'd and broken?
Hast thou, as I have, a crown of grief-blanch'd hair?
Hast thou a heart-pain of anguish all unspoken?
Hast thou for me, as I 'for thee, a deep, oft-utter'd
prayer?

Or art thou already number'd with the peaceful dead?
Art thou lying, restful, where thy fiery trials are past?
Are thy deep sorrows ended? Has thy last tear been
shed?
Is thy frail bark in haven? Art thou at home at last?

Oh! if it be so, happy, happy is thy fate!

Happy must be thy reaping, who sow'd in briny tears!
What joy if I might join thee! What joy! But I must
wait,

Labouring on in this wan world through mine allotted
years.

Oh, olden net! oh, golden net of twining, amorous hair!

Oh, touches soft as touches of blown rose-leaves on
the wind!

Oh, burning words of love that made it paradise to be
there!—

. These the tangled web of memories time can never
more unwind.

No! Amidst all my losses and my crosses, I have still

This triumphant recollection which no power can
from me sever,

That I *have* deeply loved, and *have been* loved, and will
Love on through all the ages, for ever and for ever.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

AT midnight, thinking of my late lost love,
From out the leafy vale,
With eddies of sweet song which thrill'd each grove,
I heard the Nightingale.
Of old, they told me, when I was a boy,
How that, 'mid songs of joy,
The Nightingale sang ever with his breast against a
thorn,—
That, with his throbbing breast
Against a sharp thorn press'd,
He sang from deepening evening until the golden morn !
Ah ! I too clasp a thorn against my breast,
For he I loved the best
Has gone before ;—
Methinks I see him stand,
A golden harp in hand,
Upon the glistening strand
Of the Eternal Shore !

Hark ! hark ! the darksome night is quivering with song,
Which ever stronger, and more strong,
Soars heavenwards, and the waves of sound,
About my spirit wound,
Fill me with rapture :—I too have my thorn ;
Yet let me sing ; I wait the coming Morn,
When the dead shall be raised, and my lost loved-one
found.

OH, PRAY FOR THOSE AT SEA!

THE wind roar'd wildly round the cot,
As wildly as could be ;
Old Elspie to her William cried,
"Oh, pray for those at sea !

"And chiefly pray for our dear son,
Who left his happy home,
Unmindful of thy grief and mine,
Over the waves to roam.

"'Tis twenty years ago to-night
That our poor boy was born,—
Oh ! why did he grow up so wild ?
Why leave us here forlorn ?

"There was a time when our dear James
Was kind to me and thee ;
But now our poor old hearts are broke,—
Oh, pray for those at sea !"

Old Elspie heard amidst the winds
A movement at the door;
They bring a cover'd burden in,
And lay it on the floor.

Why flutters now the mother's heart?
What can that burden be?
Why do the bearers silent stand?
Oh, pray for those at sea!

They draw the cold, damp swathings off,
They leave the features free;
And stiff and cold their long-lost son
Elspie and William see.

They buried him beside the kirk,
That stands beside the sea;
And William carved upon his tomb,
"Oh, pray for those at sea!"

THE GREEK VENUS OF SMYRNA.

A TALE OF A TYPICAL TURK.

A LABOURER digging near to Smyrna city
 (Smyrna, you know, is widely famed for figs ;
The Turkish ruling classes—more's the pity—
 Think Sheitan takes them if they taste of pigs ;
 In this, though, they resemble nobler Arabs,
 Who scent damnation in the primeest spare-ribs)—
A labourer—O my stars ; what was I saying ?
('Tis this hot climate causes this delaying)—
A labourer, in digging in his garden
('Tis hard for Turks to earn an honest farden),
 Came in his digging on a Marble Head,
With tresses wreathed back in a manner classical.
 He could not move it from its earthy bed,
He could not carry it, 'twas not jack-assical—
 That is to say, he could not find an ass
 Upon whose back so big a load could pass,

Without his floundering with a heavy thud
Into some hole of ultra-Turkish mud.
So he considered, "Shall I leave it here,
Or hire an arribah to carry it?
Yes, that 'ill do! No—in that case I fear
The city gate-guards will be sure to harry it;—
What *shall* I do? Why, I suppose
I'll hit it hard and break its nose,
And then re-bury it."
And so, for policy or fun,
Our labourer doubtless would have done,
Had not a sound broke on his ear—
A sound he was well-used to hear—
Of a crack'd camel bell,
Such as is wont to swell
From the thin turret of some cheap "Peel" Church
(Camels wear bells from Constantine to Kertch).
Hearing this bell, our peasant scratch'd his head—
At least he scratch'd his Fez that was upon it
(The 'Turks wear Fezzes as our girls a bonnet)—
And having scratch'd his head, or Fez, he said,
"Hullabaloo, hoo Allah, Allah hoo!
I think I knows the thing I ought to do—
I'll hire this camel here, what bears the bell,
And this here Head, what gins have carved in hell,
I'll carry into Smyrna to the Konak,
And give it, gratis, to the Pasha;—Oh, lack!
'That ever gins should dare to carve so well!"



(You see, he'd taste by what you hear him speak,
But then, perhaps, his grandmother was Greek.)
No sooner said than done! the bargain struck,
The camel knelt down in a bed of muck,
Roaring and bellowing in a frightful way,
As always is the "patient" camel's way
(For squatting down, on rock, or sand, or dirt,
The camel always "cries ere he is hurt"),—
And with the help of several Kussilbashes,
And after several most alarming smashes,
As you would say in England, "in a crack,"
The Marble Head was lifted on his back,
And with the strength of several sons of Onak—
Anak, I mean—he bore it to the Konak,
Our peasant wondering, as his way he went,
With how much backsheesh he would be content.—
Suleyman-Pasha was pock-marked and big,
As most high Pashas are, and like a pig
In this, that he had out and out
The largest snout
("Nose," it were sin to call it) of any Pasha out,—
(Like Turkey-cocks Effendis run to wattles,
And Pashas' noses are in shape like bottles ;)—
And being big,
And like a pig,
He sat, his dinner ended, on the cushions
(A recent present from some dodgy Russians),

And smoked a hubble-bubble or nargileh,
Order'd an execution, bought a filly,
Or pleased himself with some of those diversions
Which pleasing are to naughty Turks and Persians.

So sitting was his Elevated Fatness, when

A horrid hubbub was o'erheard without :—

What could it be about ?

Surely an insurrection had not broken out !

Surely his last bought wife

(Sad tales of her were rife)

Had not eloped with some young Christian lout !

(Those Greeks are handsome men !)

“Mashallah !” roar'd the Pasha, “what the deuce ?”

(Those Turks in their expletives are too loose)—

“What the deuce,” roar'd the Pasha, “is that row ?

I ne'er before heard such a noise as now.

I'll presently cut off some one's ears, I vow.—

If Jews or Greeks are guilty, bring Cavasses,

And bastinado them behind, like asses !”

So spake His Corpulency, and thereupon

His hangers-on,—

Capousis, Eunuchs, and Bimbashis,

The Cooks who made him savoury hashes,

The Executioners with hide kourbashes ;—

A Mufti from the golden Horn,

The biggest muff that ere was born,—

The lad who bore His Corpulency's pipes,
The boy who brought His Corpulency swipes
(Those Turks in private take their drink like fishes,
And even Pashas sometimes get quite larky
When they have drunk a glass or two of raki),
The Washers of His Corpulency's dishes,
His Secretary,—well used to being whopt,—
A subtle Syrian, or a cunning Copt
(For just as Sultans deem it meet
To hire a "*Christian*" Admiral for their Fleet,
If they can find a "real Simon Pure,"
His Queen, and Flag, and Country to abjure,
So Pashas pick up some young Christian wight,
For lack of Muslim scribes, to sum and write);—
The Italian *Medico*, who hail'd from Padua
(*He'd* swear he'd cure you, howsoever bad you are;
But if you called him in, *I'd* swear that mad you are).
All these and more,
By half-a-score,
Ran to the door,
And there they found our labourer, who swore
He had a treasure found,
And, as in duty bound,
Had come to add it to the Pasha's store.
At that word "*Treasure*" the chief Tergoman,
A slim Armenian from the Lake of Van,

In great excitement to the barracks ran
(For once he ran quite hard),
And ordered out the Guard,—
Six Arnaout soldiers, most superb young fellows,
With legs like pedestals, and lungs like bellows
(Their blue cloth trowsers in their shape were baggers,
And they were armed with guns and swords and daggers ;
In fact their guard-room, when at night they were undone,
Look'd like the Armoury in the Tower of London).
These lusty lads, who didn't seem the least
To heed the bellowing of "the blatant beast,"
At once removed the pack
From off the camel's back ;
For they in early youth had learn'd the knack,
And were to camels in a manner born
Long years before they'd seen the Golden Horn ;—
Where am I ? Oh ! I think I'd just been saying
(I said, before, this climate caused delaying)
The Arnaout soldiers, blowing much and puffing,
Sweating from foot to crown,
Had made the brute lie down,
And lifted off the Marble Head like nothing.—
Meanwhile, the lad who lit the Pasha's pipe,
And handed him his gold-embroider'd wipe,
Flew back and found that Potentate alone,
Cursing and swearing in an awful tone :—

So, after making several low salaams,
And many abject movements with his hams
(His *thighs* I mean, for there'll be dreadful work
If in a Turkish place I mention *pork* !),
And, breathless from the rate he ran,
His story told,
How a good Muslim—quite a model man—
Had found a vase of gold,
And wish'd, but was prevented by his shyness,
To give it free and gratis to His Highness.
“Shyness be—hang'd !” the infuriate Pasha said ;
“Cut for the prize, or I'll cut off your head ;
Shyness be—hang'd ! Quick ! let the beggar in—
To count the shiners I would fain begin ;
Bring in the slave ;—ahem,—the *honest peasant*,
Who knows his duty, and has brought a present.”
So spake His Fatness, and scarce had he done,
When back his household came all at the run,
And fast as you could twenty count, or faster,
The soldiers laid their load before their master.
The Pasha, on the toe of expectation
(*Tip-toe*, I think, we call it in our nation,
But in a country with such diverse lingo,
One's English does get rather low, by Jingo !
“Jingo,” of course, we swear by when we roam
In Turkish lands, for “Jingoes” sake at home)—

The Pasha (as I just was going to say
When this parenthesis led me astray)
Order'd the Arnaouts who were behind it—
The load, I mean—*instantly* to unbind it ;
When—judge His Corpulency's consternation,
And all his trembling household's perturbation—
Instead of beshlies, and broad, white Megiddies,
Liras, or Paras,—fit to cast to widdies,

Who suppliant sit in all the Eastern towns,
With vermin crawling on their greasy gowns,
Appear'd the Bust of a young Grecian Goddess
(Guiltless, alas! of any kind of boddice),
Such as divine Cythera was, when she
Sprang in her naked beauty from the sea!—

'Tis very sad

How mad

A man will get, whose wants are not supplied—
In fact, I think 'twill scarcely be denied
That even the Proverbial Philosophy of M. F. Tupper
Would fail him if he could not get his usual supper!—

“A thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever,”

The poet tells us, but experience shows
It is not everyone who High Art knows ;
And Turks, who are quite the reverse of clever,
Cannot at all appreciate High Art,

And their ideas of Beauty cannot sever
From some fat wench bought in a Georgian mart,
Or captured up in the Albanian Highlands,
Or brought by Jew procurers from Greek islands :
Though some, in order to indulge their passions,
Demand a yearly cargo of Circassians,
Or wage a war against the Abyssinians,
In order to provide themselves with minions :—*
So, now, our Pasha thought it very heinous
That, 'stead of Liras, he was brought a Venus ;
He therefore stamp'd and tore,
And by the Beard of his great Prophet swore
That he'd inflict all kinds of dreadful pænas :—
“ Ho ! seize that peasant, throw him on his belly,
And beat the rascal's foot-soles into jelly ;
As to that Idol,—take it out and burn it,
And, quick as possible, to quick-lime turn it ;
Then let the camel-drivers 'prison'd be
Till they have paid a heavy fine to me :—
As to their camel,—he is confiscate
To the great needs of the Imperial State.”
So roar'd His Fatness, in a voice to scare 'em,
And then he waddled off to join his harem,

* See Note 7, at end.

In way of walking, "sure as eggs is eggs,"
As if he had a barrel 'twixt his legs ;
And if you want a souvenir of his malice,
You'll find it in the mortar of his palace,
For 'tis, be sure, a Turkish Pasha's part
To burn to powder every work of art ;
Nor will you find of difference the least
Between a Pasha and a Brutal Beast ;—
Half Hog and half Hyæna—this the genus
Of such as burnt to lime the Smyrna Venus.

IN WIMPOLE STREET.

ONLY a little servant-girl ! and she steps into the street
In the early dawn of morning, still, comparatively sweet ;
A long, unlovely thoroughfare of houses dim and brown ;
And little Annie weeps she left the country for the town.

A wistful gaze ! a forward start ! and look what she has
found !—

A little faded posy of sweet roses on the ground ;
Dropt, perhaps, by some fine lady from her carriage
overnight—

A disregarded bauble—but a prize in Annie's sight.

See ! she leans against the area-rails, and drinks the
fragrance in,
While salt tears rain from out her eyes—to check them
were a sin.

The scent, still lingering, calls her to her early home-
hearth dear,
And Annie feels this morning is the luckiest in the year.

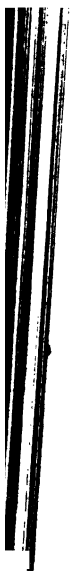
She sees her mother's homely form ; her little sisters'
glee,
As they play before the cottage-door beneath the old
elm-tree ;
Of her brothers, from the forge and plough, she hears
the cheery voice,
And though her tears fall freely, yet her heart must fain
rejoice.

But Annie must return to work ; and, cheerful, she
descends
To the fusty basement, where her day of toil begins and
ends ;
Yet before she goes to labour, in a little china jar
The girl bestows the faded flowers that now her treasures
are.

And many a wistful glance she casts throughout the
weary day
At those few faded flowerets which had fallen in the way ;
And Annie's lighten'd heart is raised in thankfulness to
Heaven,
Because to lift dull hearts on earth bright flowers are
freely given.

A BUNDLE OF SONGS

(CHIEFLY FOR MUSIC)



I GAVE MY LOVE A LITTLE ROSE.*

I GAVE my Love a little rose,
A little rose of red and white,
Because her colour comes and goes
Whene'er she dawns upon my sight.

I gave my Love a little key,
A little key of yellow gold,
Because she lock'd her sweets from me,
Nor would her secret heart unfold.

I gave my dear a little dove,
Around his neck a feathery ring,
Because a ring betokens love,
And love to my sweet Love I bring.

And in return, what gave my Love
Of all the precious gifts that be?
No rose, nor key, nor ring-neck'd dove
She gave—but her sweet self to me!

* Music by Comyn Vaughan. Boosey & Co.

NOW OR NEVER.

THE rose has open'd on its stem,
The violets in the glade,
The lilies in the shady woods ;—
Then pluck them ere they fade !

The pear is ripe upon the tree,
The nectarine on the wall,
The grapes upon the pergola ;—
Then pluck them ere they fall.

And she, thy Love, is ripe for thee,
Then win her while you may ;
When bright the sun shines overhead,
'Tis time to make the hay.

Why wait, and wait, and wait so long ?
She will not wait for thee ;—
The bonniest flower will quickly fade,
The fruit fall off the tree !

NORFOLK HORKEY SONG.*

WHERE the hills of our land
And the valleys stand,
Full thick with the yellow corn,
Let the song go round
And the fields resound
With the notes of the harvest horn.

With joy let us sing
As we merrily bring
To the homestead the golden grain;
At the goodman's call
Let us follow all
To the barn with the loaded wain.

At the goodman's hollo,
Let the gleaners follow

* See Note 8, at end.

To share in the fat of the soil ;
At the horkey's cheer,
Let the girls appear
When they rest from the harvest toil.

Be it each lad's part
The girl of his heart
To pledge in the nut-brown ale :
Let the cup go round,
And the music sound,
And the old man tell his tale.

And before we part,
Let each grateful heart
To the Giver of good ascend ;
Then in friendly bands,
With largess in hands,
To our homes let us joyfully wend.

ONLY A DEAD SOLDIER!

COLD and stark and dead he lay,—
So much beauty, so much grace!—
And the sun's last dying ray
Shed its glory on his face.

Stretch'd upon the gory ground,
Round him slept the warrior-dead,—
None amongst them all was found
With such glory on his head.

So much beauty, so much grace!
Who with him could e'en compare?
Dead for country, king, and race,
My true lover slumber'd there!

Friend and comrade and true lover,
As I tread this earth alone,
None like thee can I discover,
Loving, lovely, all my own!



THE LOVE-LORN, PALE NARCISSUS.

THE soft winds breathed through the painted flowers,
The red, red rose-trees bowing,
And the roses stoop'd from their lofty bowers
To where lowlier flowers were growing.

"Heigh-ho!" cried the flowers of low degree,
"The roses stoop to kiss us!"
"Oh! joy, for my true-love stoops to me!"
Cried the love-lorn, pale Narcissus.

"Oh, sweet! oh, sweet is the rose's red lip
That she shall press to mine;
From my golden cup she shall take a sip,
Then round me for ever twine!"

But the spring-tide wind was over and past,
Too brief was the rose's stay:
The pale flower's bliss was not to kiss,
And he faded and died away.

BENEATH THE CHESTNUTS.

Oh, those chestnut alleys,
With their flowers of white and red,
And the sweet, sweet words of early love
That under them were said!

Oh, the sweet songs of thrushes
In the sweetbriar hedge hard by,
And the brook's song in the rushes,
And the skylark's in the sky.

Now all is changed, or changing;
Hush'd is the skylark's song,
And the brook crawls 'neath its load of ice,
And the winter nights are long.

The thrush and his mate are starving,
As they cling to the frozen spray,
And the sweetbriar hedge no longer is sweet,
And my Love lies 'neath the clay.



WE'RE ALL IN ONE BOAT TOGETHE

WE'RE all in one boat together,
On, brothers ; brothers, on !
Come fair, or come foul weather,
We must push on, push on.

We're all in one boat together,
Together, brothers, row ;
And come the foulest weather,
We shall fare better so.

We're all in one boat together,
Our voyage is long, is long ;
Come fair, or come foul weather,
The stream is strong, is strong.

We're all in one boat together,
Let each for his brother strive,
Then, come the foulest weather,
All, all are sure to thrive.



We're all in one boat together,
Divided we are undone;
Come fair, or come foul weather,
United, our goal is won.

THE MILL-LAD'S LOVE.*

EACH morn and even a dainty lass
Trips by the dusty mill,
To milk the kine i' the dewy grass,
Her white-scour'd pails to fill.

Like Mary-buds adown her back,
Her hair streams, shot with gold,
And, mingling with the mill-wheel's clack,
Her voice rings from the fold.

'Tis there she finds her young pet-lamb—
Oh, would that I were he!
Then I'd be happier than I am,
And so, I wis, would she.

* Music by A. S. Gatty. Cocks & Co.

She pets her lamb, and then she spies
The brown hedge-sparrow's nest,
And pity beams from out her eyes,
And stirs her swan-like breast.

She kisses now each soft young bird—
Oh, would that I were they!
I'd treasure up each fondling word,
And bid her kiss all day.

The pail she poises, to depart;
Thou throbbing heart, be still!
She is the mistress of my heart,
And shall be of the mill.

SWEET IS LIFE LIVED WITH THEE.

OH ! sweet is life when life is lived with thee !
And sweet is love when thou hast love for me !
Oh ! love me then as I love thee, and give
This boon, that through thy loving I may live.

Oh ! sweet the soft South breeze ! and yet the South
Breathes not such sweets as thou dost from thy mouth ;
Breathe then upon my lips, and then to thee
I'll render back the sweets thou gavest me.

Oh ! sweet the day when thou art by my side !
And sweet with thee in night's dark folds to bide !
Bide, then, near me, and let my day be bright,
And let thy beauty lighten up my night.

Oh, white the lily ! yet thou art more white !
And red the rose ! and yet thou art more bright !
Beam o'er me with thy tints, red, white, and so
My love-lorn face with like fair tints shall glow.



ONCE MORE AT HOME.

WHAT strange thoughts come o'er me
Of pleasure and pain,
When places familiar
I visit again—
When spots known in childhood
I gaze on once more,
Though long years of absence
Have sadly pass'd o'er.

The garden I planted
When yet but a child,
And heedfully tended,
Lies tangled and wild ;
The plough has uprooted
The fields where I stray'd,
From the groves where I sported
Has vanish'd the shade.



But still not for places
Deserted I mourn,
But that dearly-loved faces
For aye should be gone.
The garden may wither,
And vanish the shade,
But oh ! for beloved ones
Beneath the earth laid.

SAILOR HARRY.

MANY maidens love young Harry,
Harry loves not one of these,
Sailor-lads can never marry,
Sailing on the distant seas ;
Whether or not they please,
Maids must tarry !

Silly maidens ! if you tarry
Till your sailor-love comes back,
Hoping that he then will marry,
You will all true wisdom lack ;
Better take stay-at-home Jack
Than fooling Harry !

THE OAKS OF MIRVAN.

THUS it was not in the spring
When we heard the throistles sing,
And their callow broods took wing
 'Neath the oaks of Mirvan.

Then my heart was gay and bright,
Every day the sun shone bright,
Then my path was streak'd with light
 In the meads of Mirvan.

Summer now has pass'd away,
Dreary ends the dreary day,
And my love lies 'neath the clay
 By the kirk of Mirvan.

Snow is falling soft and slow,
I am going,—let me go ;
Bury me beneath the snow
 By my Love in Mirvan.



MY GOLDEN LAD.

WHY is't so dull? What ails the day?
My Golden Lad has gone away!
The moment my bright Lad had gone,
Dark clouds obscured the golden morn.

Why are the trilling birds so sad?
Because they mourn my Golden Lad!
They cannot sing their songs of joy,
When absent is my Golden Boy!

Why plays the fount so faint and dim?
No longer can its streams clasp him,—
His lusty limbs, his brow so fair,
The shimmer of his golden hair!

Why are the petals, once so bright,
Closed up as close as if 'twere night?
Because my Lad has gone away,
And with him all the light of day!



Ah! Golden Lad, I love thee well—
Far more than heart or tongue can tell!
For thee my love must ever burn,
Return, my Golden Lad, return!

BRAVE ROBIN.

A ROBIN sat perch'd on a frozen spray,
Cold was the wind, and dark was the day ;
When colder it grew, he 'gan merrily sing,
With his quivering throat and his shivering wing.

And under the eaves of a cot hard by,
Sat his little brown matè, with her quick, black eye,
And she turn'd her little brown head to hear
What her red-breasted Robin sang in her ear.

He merrily sang, and for her alone,
And true love thrill'd in his every tone ;
He sang till the icicles dropt from the tree ;
Sure, ne'er so warm-hearted a bird as he !

"O, Robin ! brave Robin ! tell, why do you sing,
With your quivering throat and shivering wing ?"
"I love my little brown mate so well,
My voice, like my heart, for her must swell !

“ For songs of true love I care not to choose
The soft warm days when the cushat coo's ;
But to joy my love's heart I sing love's lay,
When the winds are cold, from my frozen spray !”



THE SECRET.

I GAZED into those eyes so bright,
Depths of blue sea 'neath shades of night;
What there I saw I told to none—
Enough, their secret was for one!

In secret once our fingers met;
Their pressure I can ne'er forget;
What then I felt to none was known—
Enough, the secret was my own!

I watch'd the red hues tinge thy cheek,
Though flushing there, none heard thee speak;
Yet spake they then to me alone—
Enough, their secret was for one!

I felt the flutter of thy heart,
That could not bear we two should part;
Oh, joyful moment, that made known
Thee and thy secret all my own!



TWO POSIES.

I GAT me to the garden green
To cull two pretty posies—
The one it was of Jessamine,
The other was of Roses.

I gave the bunch of Jessamine
To Mary, blushing red ;
I gave the bunch of crimson sheen
To milk-fair Winifred.

Pale Winifred blush'd crimson red,
Rose Mary paled to snow ;—
Which of the twain I'd rather wed,
I'd give a groat to know.

Both love me, and to me are kind,
And blithe I'd be with either ;
But since I can't make up my mind,
I think I'll wed with neither.



THE QUEEN OF MAY.

THE girls brought wreaths of roses,
The lads brought boughs of green,
And down amongst the meadows
We crown'd her as our Queen.

Upon her rippling tresses
Her royal crown was set,
Of golden May-buds woven
With pearly dew-drops wet.

And down amongst the meadows,
Upon that glad spring day,
We lifted up our voices,
"Long live the Queen of May!"

.

The girls brought wreaths of snowdrops,
The lads brought sprigs of yew,
And so, in sad procession,
We pass'd the meadows through.



And scarce an eye was lifted,
And scarce a word was said,
Save only in low whispers— .
Alas! our Queen is dead.

Upon her braided tresses
A coronal was set,
Of early snowdrops woven,
With tears of sorrow wet.

And down amongst the meadows,
Upon that wintry day,
We raised our hearts to Heaven—
“God rest our Queen of May!”

THE DUET.

I SANG with thee, and as each note
Swell'd, liquid, from thy swan-white throat,
I felt my spirit blend with thine,
And knew thy spirit blent with mine.

We grew together, while the chords
Responded to heart-thrilling words,
Until, ere that sweet strain was done,
Our two rapt souls were knit in one.

Our voices falter'd, and in vain
We strove to sing that song again ;
Deep love held our two hearts in thrall,
Each was to other all in all.

I felt thee tremble, and thine eyes,
Brimful of love and half surprise,
Met mine, and then two tear-drops fell,
Like dew-drops from a lily's bell.



O Love! O Music! Nature, Art,
Each to unite us took a part;
Music snatch'd Nature from control,
Love bound us closely soul to soul!

. MIDNIGHT BELLS.*

WHEN I hear the sound of church bells
Up the valley softly rise,
Thoughts of old times crowd upon me,
Old scenes flit before mine eyes;
Old friends seem to stand before me,
Dear hands seem to clasp my hand,
Once again to earth recallèd,
Dreamy bells, by your command.

Oh! how often! oh! how often,
On the last night of the year,
Have I heard your joyous voices
Echoing from far and near!
Now ye seem'd to fill the valleys
With a full, melodious flow,—
Now to greet some distant mountain
Would your wind-borne music go.

* Music by Alfred Scott Gatty. Boosey & Co.



And when, hill and valley leaving,
Your sweet notes pass'd out to sea,
Reach'd the vessels darkly heaving,
To the sailors joy brought ye ;
Joy ye brought, to them recalling
Thoughts of cottage homes and fires,
Shadows on their memories falling
Of their loves, their babes, their sires.

One by one upon the waters
Did the shades of dear ones fall,
As when, in the cheerful firelight,
Shadows flicker on the wall.
And each wave-toss'd, wandering seaman,
Gazing, wistful, through the night,
Hearing your melodious music,
Saw his dark path fleck'd with light.



THE GIPSY SWEETHEART.

O'ER the heath, o'er the heath,
Far, far away,
Where the broom-flowers are blooming,
It joys me to stray.

O'er the ling, o'er the heath,
Down in the dell,
Where the dark pines are glooming,
It joys me to dwell.

O'er the ling, o'er the heath,
There will I greet,
In the dews of the evening,
The track of her feet.

O'er the heath, o'er the heath,
There will I rest,
With Rachel, my treasure,
My first love and best.



WHITE LILY OF MY LOVE.

WE parted, we, my love and I,
White moonbeams kiss'd the strand;
One last embrace, and she had fled
Across the silver sand.

"Farewell! farewell! thee angels guard!
Yet turn once more and bless
Me with one last, long look on thee,
And thy great loveliness."

So spake my heart and lips, and she,
Obedient as a child,
Turn'd her great beauty back to me,
Her lover fond, and smiled.

Oh! what a white, white hand was that
Which beckon'd, white as snow!
What wealth of love in that sweet smile
Gleam'd as she turn'd to go.



White hand, white heart of purity !

White Lily of my Love !

Her white hand rests beneath the turf,

Her white soul rests above.

THE SWALLOW.

My love, she dwells 'neath sunny skies,
Where thou dost fly, swift Swallow ;
She lives where verdure never dies ;
Oh ! would that I might follow,
Follow,
Would that I might follow !

Where airs of balm breathe, winter through,
Thou fliest now, sweet Swallow ;
Yet sweets like hers none ever knew ;
Oh ! would that I might follow,
Follow,
Would that I might follow !

But since to fly along with thee
May not be mine, dear Swallow !
Oh ! take away a pledge from me,
And say I cannot follow,
Follow !
Say I cannot follow.



And when thou comest in the spring,
Back from the South, sweet Swallow,
Bid her to claim the plighting ring,
And after thee to follow,
Follow,
After thee to follow.

L A Z Y L I L I E S .

LAZY Lilies! all the day
Soft winds through your petals play,
Sunbeams woo your love, and win;—
Yet ye neither toil nor spin.

Lazy Lilies! Heaven's dews
Beauty into you infuse,
Lift your heads above the soil;—
Yet ye neither spin nor toil.

No, ye neither toil nor spin,
Yet at dawn your tasks begin;
Quiet and modest, all night through
Odours are exhaled by you.

Morn and eve, and day and night,
Ye all passers-by delight;
Joying in your Lord's behest,
Ye, obeying Him, are blest.



Daily doing deeds of love,
Blessings reach you from above ;
Quiet tasks and simple ways,
These your bounden meed of praise !

GERALDINE.

HAZEL-EYED she was, and golden
Hair fell round about her face ;
Such you see in pictures olden
In Venetian palaces.

When we met, a Cross, so holy,
Press'd her breast of virgin snow ;
Joy was mix'd with melancholy,
For she knew that she must go.

Grieved was she at thought of leaving
Me, who was her life and love ;
Full of joy she was, believing
We would meet in Heaven above.

Through the spring-tide hours she wasted,
Till she died in early June,
Lovelier growing as she hasted
On to her untimely tomb.



Now she lies where violets blowing
Scent the air in earliest spring,
And a rill beside her flowing
Stays the mavish on his wing.

And the sea's resounding waters,
With their changeless, changing roll,
Of the loveliest of earth's daughters,
Sounds a requiem for the soul.

THE BLIND MAN'S SONG.

I CANNOT see thy face, dear,
Nor the love-light in thine eye ;
But a gleam breaks on my soul, dear,
When I feel that thou art nigh.

I cannot see thy face, love,
But thy voice is soft and sweet,
And there's music in the sound, love,
Of thy lightly tripping feet.

They say I'm growing old, dear,
And my hair is turning grey ;
But thy sweet, sweet lips teach me, dear,
To heed not what they say.

The world is dark and drear, love,
My day has turn'd to night ;
But still all is not dim, love—
Thou, darling, art my Light !



THE BLACKSMITH'S LAD.

THE Blacksmith's Lad he loves me well,
There's fire-light in his eye,
And, as is fit, bright sparks of wit
From his heart's anvil fly.

The Blacksmith's Lad is stout and tall,
And hard his horny hand;
He's loved me long, and love is strong,
And burns hot as a brand.

On Saturdays, when work is done,
He leaps across the moor;
He jumps the ditch; though poor, I'm rich,
For he is at the door.

He clasps me close as any vice;
Whatever shall I do?—
O, Jenny dear! you need not fear,
You'll live to fling the shoe!

NOW SHE LIETH LOW.

Now she lieth low,
Her we loved so well;
Stealing up the valley,
Hark, her passing-bell!

I can see her now,
Crown'd the Queen of May,
Lilies in her tresses,
On that glad spring day.

I can see her still,
Number'd with the dead,
Lying in her coffin,
Lilies round her head.

'Toll, thou passing-bell!'
Peal with solemn sound!
Ah! my heart is broken!
Lay her in the ground!



THOSE LOVELY, BLOOMING LINDENS.

THOSE lovely, blooming Lindens,
With the chequer'd light below,
Where hand in hand we often strayed,
Full twenty years ago !

Those lovely, blooming Lindens,
With their odour fresh and sweet;
And the humming bees above us,
And the shadows at our feet !

How often ! oh, how often !
In those long twenty years,
Have those shadows seem'd fit emblems
Of our mingled hopes and fears,—

Of the mingled good and evil,
Of the mingled weal and woe,
That we have seen together,
Since twenty years ago !



SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

AH! who would lead a fisher's life?
Ah! who would be a fisher's wife?
Ah! who would own a fisher's child,
When winds are high, and waves are wild?

The harbour bar is white with foam;
Thy father has not yet come home;
Thy mother must sad vigil keep;—
Rest, little one! sleep, Baby, sleep!

Thou liest here so warm and dry,
While on the deep the waves curl high;
One boat alone remains at sea;—
God send thy father home to thee!

Below the cot the wild waves roar,
And dash in breakers on the shore;
Around the cot the wild winds sweep;—
Rest, little one! sleep, Baby, sleep!



I hear wild shrieks upon the storm,
Which presage we are left forlorn ;
I hear them nearer, at the door ;—
Rest, darling !—I shall rest no more !

I hear a knock ; what can it be ?—
It is thy father, home from sea !
Sleep, Baby, sleep ! I'll make thy nest
To-night upon thy father's breast.

T H O R A .

Oh ! bonny is the Birchen tree,
Her early sprays of green are fair,
And yet more bonny far to me
Is Thora with her golden hair.

The flashing waves of azure-blue
Delight me as I o'er them rise ;
But yet more lovely is the hue,
Dark-hazel, of my darling's eyes.

The trilling laverock's heavenward song
Makes e'en a mourner to rejoice ;
Yet, hearing it, I'm fain to long
To hear my love's melodious voice.

Fly, little boat, across the bay,
Let me once more my darling greet,
And may my Thora bless the day
That brings her lover to her feet !

WHY SING THE SONG-BIRDS IN THE MORNING?*

WHY do the Song-birds sing in the morning,
Gladly, gladly,
In the sweet month of May?—
Only to mourn in darksome evenings,
Sadly, sadly,
When the Spring has pass'd away.

Why do the hopes of youth's fresh spring-tide,
Madly, madly
Spring with the flowers of June?—
Only to fade with the leaves of Autumn,
Only to fade too soon.

* For the idea, metre, and most of the words of the first of these stanzas, the writer is indebted to a friend.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.*

THOSE bonny glades of Girvan woods,
Full twenty years ago,
When stars came out to look at us,
Who wander'd to and fro.

There oft we linger'd hand in hand,—
And what sweet words were said,
With tender light shed over us
Through branches overhead!

Ah! oft I dream of Girvan woods,—
The woods we loved so well,—
And those green alleys, where the shade
Of white-boled beech-trees fell.

* Music by A. S. Gatty. Cocks & Co.

We walk'd together, thou and I;—
 We parted,—ah! too soon!
 But ere we left, our lips had met
 Beneath the summer moon.

Ah! oft I dream of Girvan woods,
 But oftener of thee!
 For Girvan woods are all laid low,
 But thou still lovest me!

LOST LOVE.

“Lost Love ! Lost Love !” yet Love cannot be lost,
For what is lost in loving is not Love :—
Dreaming of Love, thou didst not count its cost,
Nor all its height and depth and beauty prove.

For Love, deep Love and true cannot be lost ;
But, like a river, swelling as it flows,
Drawing in crystal streamlets from each coast,
So Love, true Love, in loving, ever grows.

Love ever groweth, ever deepens, till
The goal is reach'd that is to mortals given,
And then again, immortal wants to fill,
It grows and grows, till perfected in Heaven.

THOSE MERRY WALKS TOGETHER.*

Oh ! those merry walks together,
In the long-past days of yore,
O'er the swathes of purple heather,
And along the winding shore.
Young we were, and merry-hearted,
Life ran like a tuneful rhyme ;
Little dream'd we we'd be parted
In that golden summer-time.

Oh ! those happy walks together,
Heart in heart and hand in hand,
In the blithesome summer weather,
O'er the sun-lit, wave-kiss'd strand !
Oh ! how fair the face of nature
Seem'd around, beneath, above ;
To our glad ears every creature
Sang of joy and peace and love.

* Music by A. S. Gatty. Boosey & Co.

Faded now the sun-tints golden,
Faded now the summer-glow,
And the fields are now enfolden
In a winding-sheet of snow.
Lone, and left, and lorn I wander
O'er wild moor and wintry fell;
Waiting for the end, I ponder
On the days when all was well.

PARTING SONG.

THE hour has come, and we must part,
The bell has toll'd, and we must sever ;
Come hour, strike bell, my steadfast heart
Is bound to thee, sweet Love, for ever.

The hour has come, and we must part—
I o'er the salt-sea waves must roam ;
Though oceans roll between, take heart,
Sweet Love, thou art my only Home.

Thou art my Home, and unto thee
My every thought will ever turn ;
Thou art my Home,—no stormy sea
Can quench the love with which I burn.

The hour is come, and we must part,
The bell has struck our parting knell ;
Thou know'st me true : sweet Love, take heart,—
One parting kiss, and then farewell.



NOTES.

NOTE 1, p. 48.

John Nepomuk, a priest, is said to have been cast from the Bridge of Prag into the Moldau by order of the Bohemian King, Wenceslaus (A.D. 1383), because he resolutely refused to betray the confession of the Queen. Five stars, according to the legend, hovered over the place where his body lay in the river for three days. In A.D. 1729 John Nepomuk was canonized, and he is now considered by Roman Catholics as the Patron of Bridges. The feast of S. John Nepomuk is celebrated on the 16th of May, and attracts numerous pilgrims to Prag.

NOTE 2, p. 98.

The Isles of Aran, called Aranmore, Innismane, and Innishere, lie in the Atlantic, off the mouth of Galway Bay. Aranmore is full of attractions for the lover of nature, the botanist, and the antiquarian. The people of this island still believe they can at times descry, far out in the Atlantic, the "Hy Brysail," or Enchanted Islands, where, as an old man gravely told me, "dwell the fairies." Moore's beautiful song, beginning

"O Aranmore ! O Aranmore !
How oft I think of thee,
And of the days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free !"

alludes to this superstition.

NOTE 3, p. 105.

The picturesque Mill Bridge at Luzern, built over the rushing Reuss, is decorated with faded pictures, now in a disgraceful state of neglect, representing the Dance of Death. The artist's name was Meglinger.



NOTE 4, p. 113.

Ellingham Mills are situated upon the Waveney, a small river which, rising at Lopham Ford, forms the boundary of Norfolk and Suffolk, until it falls into the Yare near Burgh Castle, the *Garianonum* of the Romans.

NOTE 5, p. 120.

It is scarcely needful to say that the metre of this fragment of the Edda (from *Mallet's Northern Antiquities*) is imitated from Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*.

NOTE 6, p. 137.

A similar epitaph to that in the text may be found in the churchyard at Mundesley, on the coast of Norfolk.

NOTE 7, p. 193.

The two expeditions sent by the Khediv Ismail, and which were disgracefully defeated, had their origin in the raids made into Abyssinian territory to kidnap Christian girls for the harems of the Khediv and his Turkish and Circassian Pashas.

NOTE 8, p. 201.

The harvest supper in Norfolk is called the "*Horkey*." Long straight horns, called "*Harvest horns*," are blown at the time of harvest, and "*Largess*" is the money collected by the labourers at harvest-time in Norfolk and Suffolk, either from casual passers-by, or from the wealthier inhabitants of their village.



1

1. The first group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the historians. They are people who are interested in the past and who want to know what happened in the past. They study the past in order to learn about the present and the future.

2. The second group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the archaeologists. They are people who are interested in the past and who want to know what happened in the past. They study the past in order to learn about the present and the future.

3. The third group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the geographers. They are people who are interested in the past and who want to know what happened in the past. They study the past in order to learn about the present and the future.

4. The fourth group of people who are interested in the study of the history of the world are the anthropologists. They are people who are interested in the past and who want to know what happened in the past. They study the past in order to learn about the present and the future.





